

RSEAS

Polish Premier's nation to prepare for austerity

April 4.—Mr. Babiuch, the Prime Minister of Poland, today warned Poles that the nation was entering a period of austerity. He addressed the session of the newly elected Parliament (Sejm) in his first important speech. His appointment as Minister in February, he said, the Government had decided to implement a quick solution to the country's economic problems. He said that the government was preparing for a period of austerity. He said that the government was preparing for a period of austerity. He said that the government was preparing for a period of austerity.

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Ethiopian of self-rule

April 4.—The Eritrean Front (E.F.) today issued a statement in the Red Sea province of the Soviet-backed regime. It said that the Eritrean Front was preparing for a period of self-rule. It said that the Eritrean Front was preparing for a period of self-rule. It said that the Eritrean Front was preparing for a period of self-rule.

Bail given to nurse in Las Vegas death case

From Ivor Davis, Los Angeles, April 4

A night nurse at Nevada's largest private hospital in Las Vegas has been released on bail of \$15,000 (£7,000) after being charged with murder in connection with the death of a 51-year-old patient in the hospital's intensive care unit.

The arrest of Jani Adams, a 32-year-old nurse, followed a series of stories that said some workers at the Sunrise Hospital intensive care ward may have placed bets on when critically ill patients would die and that a nurse nicknamed "Death's Angel" might have tampered with the life support equipment as a result.

The grand jury interviewed 20 witnesses before indicting Adams on the death of Mr. Vincent Fraser, who had been in the hospital for two months when he died on March 3. The jury did not issue an indictment for the death of an 85-year-old patient who died in the same unit, but returned a "no bill," meaning there was insufficient evidence to show any wrongdoing.

Mr. Robert Miller, the Las Vegas District Attorney, said that during the investigation several witnesses talked about the betting incident but that betting apparently was not involved in the death of the two patients.

The largest amount that was ever mentioned was \$100,000, said Mr. Miller. "But we have no evidence that bets were involved in those two deaths."

Adams' lawyer, Mr. Melvin Belli, said: "The grand jury is nothing more than a firebrand to defame character, which they've done on this little girl who is a very conscientious, able, religious, staunch Catholic nurse."

She's the last person in the world who would pull the plug on anybody to let them die, because if she thought of it, her religion, her doctrine, wouldn't let her do it."

He blamed local news organizations for sensationalizing the case, pushing the District Attorney's office into action.



In Christ's footsteps: Women carry a heavy cross during Jerusalem's Easter ceremonies.

Pilgrims fill Jerusalem's streets

Jerusalem, April 4.—Thousands of pilgrims today took part in Good Friday processions along the Via Dolorosa in east Jerusalem, following the route which tradition says Jesus Christ walked carrying the Cross to the site of his Crucifixion.

A spring day followed a week of stormy weather to welcome Christian pilgrims from all over the world to the holy city, which was kept under tight Israeli security measures.

Scores of processions of the Cross started moving along the ancient path at dawn and worshippers gathered in front of the Church of Holy Sepulchre after stopping along the way to say prayers.

At the head of each procession a clergyman stumbled under the weight of a wooden cross to mark the one carried by Christ on his last journey.

Most of the shops in the old city's colourful market were closed as Muslim merchants observed their Friday rest day.

The streets were filled with thousands of Jewish holidaymakers celebrating the week-long Passover festival. Hotels in Jerusalem were all booked out.

Most tourists will remain in the city for tomorrow's Holy Fire ceremonies, commemorating the resurrection of Christ, and for the Easter Sunday services.

A number of fights broke out in the old city between Jewish religious students and Arab youths. But police quickly arrived and about 20 people

were arrested.—Reuter.

Pope's precedent: In an unprecedented move, the Pope confessed 40 faithful in St. Peter's Basilica today. Pops have even confession in the past but never in St. Peter's.

The Pontiff was said to have taken the action to emphasize the importance of the sacrament. He received confessions for more than one hour.

The Pope also washed the feet of 12 former vagrants in a symbolic ceremony recalling Christ's gesture to his apostles.

The old men, who are looked after at a Rome hostel, sat stiffly as the Pope poured water on their feet and mopped them dry with a white towel. The traditional act of humility was watched by thousands.—Reuter and AP.

SPORT

Tennis

Vilas's experience proves all too much for McEnroe

From Rex Bellamy, Tennis Correspondent, Monte Carlo, April 4

Guillermo Vilas beat John McEnroe 6-1, 6-4 in an hour and a half to confound the world and the world rankings in the Monte Carlo tennis tournament here today. As Jimmy Connors had previously defeated Vilas in the semi-final round, the match was a rematch of sorts.

The fine arose from McEnroe's Barzuch while changing round after the first game, they abused each other in foul language with Vilas shouting at the referee, supervisor, Franco Bartoli, who imposed the same fine on each player.

During that match it was possible to watch McEnroe at his best. After winning the first set he collected only seven points while losing seven consecutive games.

Today it briefly seemed possible that the same sort of thing might happen to the American. Vilas was a better player than Barzuch. When Vilas was serving at 6-0 and 4-0, he was back in the match. But as so often the case after a sudden lapse, four errors—two forced, two unforced—cost McEnroe the match.

McEnroe's first ball went where he wanted it, but he lost it. He lost the match. He lost the match. He lost the match.

It is eight years since Vilas first came to Europe and showed us what he could do on slow clay. He has been a consistent performer, and he has been a consistent performer.

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was having to think, to improvise, the tactical reactions of Vilas were insidious. He was so quick in his anticipation and footwork, so assured in his choice of shots, that at times he made the game look easy. His passing shots seemed measured to an inch, he resolutely hit winners from what seemed, logically, to be defensive situations—and McEnroe shook his fists and his head in understandable frustration, because he thought he was attacking and suddenly found that he was being crushed.

There were eight consecutive games in which McEnroe never reached deuce. We remembered that his big successes—the United States championship, the Masters and World Championships Tennis titles—had all been achieved on courts that guaranteed a more consistent bounce (particularly useful to a player who likes to take the ball early) than clay or grass. It was much to his credit that he confronted by a clay-court specialist in peak form yet learning as the match progressed—McEnroe almost managed to secure the match, but he was crushed by the intensity of defeat. He could do all he needed to do, but could not string it together with the consistency the occasion demanded of him.

First Round: J. McEnroe (USA) beat G. Vilas (ARG) 6-1, 6-4. Second Round: J. McEnroe (USA) beat G. Vilas (ARG) 6-1, 6-4. Third Round: J. McEnroe (USA) beat G. Vilas (ARG) 6-1, 6-4. Fourth Round: J. McEnroe (USA) beat G. Vilas (ARG) 6-1, 6-4.

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PLACE OF YOUR OWN FOR £99

Thomson Villa & Apartment Square Deal-Holidays offer you one of the most economical ways of escaping to the sun.

You choose the resort area, the departure airport and the dates and you leave us to choose the villa or apartment from our 1980 brochure.

All prices are final and guaranteed against surcharges. They include airport taxes and holiday insurance, and depend upon the number of people using the apartment or villa.

Here are some examples of 14 night holidays which are available. To find out more, see your local travel agent or ring your local Thomson office.

Day	Departure Airport	Dates	No. of bedrooms	Party Size	Resorts	Price*
ARTMENTS						
174	Gatwick	5 June	1	2-3	Lanzarote	£173
164	Gatwick	4, 11 June	1	2-3	Tenerife	£168
182	Gatwick	1, 15 May	1	2-3	Gran Canaria	£150
182	Gatwick	12 June	1	2-3	Gran Canaria	£168
152	Luton	6, 13 May	1	2-3	Costa Brava	£99
165	Luton	18, 25 June	1	2-3	Tenerife	£182
175	Luton	19, 26 June	1	2-3	Costa Blanca	£152
160	Bristol	5, 12 June	1	2-3	Costa Blanca	£140
167	Cardiff	25 June	1	2-3	Tenerife	£186
166	Birmingham	28 May	1	2-3	Tenerife	£173
181	Birmingham	17, 24 June	2	3-5	Costa Brava	£140
171	East Midlands	1, 8 June	1	2-3	Tenerife	£178
183	Manchester	29 May	1	2-3	Gran Canaria	£177
183	Manchester	26 June	1	2-3	Gran Canaria	£191
168	Manchester	18, 25 June	1	2-3	Tenerife	£136
158	Edinburgh	2, 9, 16 May	1	2-3	Costa Blanca	£191
169	Glasgow	7, 21 May	1	2-3	Tenerife	£166
159	Glasgow	23 May	1	2-4	Costa Blanca	£152
ILLAS						
178	Cardiff	28 June	4	4-8	Ibiza	£192
179	Birmingham	14, 21 June	4	4-8	Ibiza	£180

*Prices shown are per person for largest party size. Prices subject to availability. ATOL 152 BC.

Thomson
Villa and Apartment
SQUARE DEALS

Tension on Korean border at 'highest level for years'

From Jacqueline Redit, Panmunjom, April 4

Recent violations of the Korean armistice agreement by North Korea has raised tension to the highest level for years to the highest level for years to the highest level for years.

The Military Armistice Commission, set up after the Korean War to monitor ceasefire in fringes, was called to its 400th meeting by the United Nations command as a result of three recent North Korean infiltration attempts within five days.

Rear-Admiral Stephen Hostetter, the senior United Nations Command delegate, gave the commission at Panmunjom a detailed account of the incidents. Equipment and clothing taken from North

Korean agents killed in the incursions and photographs were displayed as evidence that they had been "trained, equipped and sent to attack and murder anyone who got in their way."

General Han Ju Kyung, leading the North Korean delegation, said the incidents were fabricated by the United Nations Command.

General Han did not comment on the incident of March 23, when three North Korean front men were shot dead on the south side of the demilitarized zone. He claimed that on March 23 a South Korean naval patrol had mistakenly opened fire on one of its own fishing boats and had blamed it on the North Koreans.

The North Koreans did not deny being involved in the third incident.

Dalai Lama wants plebiscite on Peking rule

From Our Correspondent, Delhi, April 4

The Dalai Lama has demanded an internationally supervised plebiscite "both inside and outside Tibet" to determine whether Tibetans are happy under Chinese rule.

If it is established that they are completely satisfied with their lot he is prepared to return and accept whatever status the majority of people confer on him, the spiritual leader of six million Tibetans said in an interview with the Sarodaya press service.

The Dalai Lama also suggested that the body in charge of the plebiscite should include people who spoke Tibetan.

China proposes duty-free Taiwan link

Peking, April 4.—China today decided to abolish all customs duties on imports and exports between the mainland and Taiwan, the New China news agency reported.

Despite the political breach between the two Chinese regimes indirect trade between them has grown considerably. For the past year Peking has been proposing various links with Taiwan to pave the way for the "reunification" of the island with China. But the Chinese Nationalists have rejected any kind of relations with the Communists. However, trade seems to be exempted from the Peking-Taiwan quarrel.—Agency France-Press.

Student killed in Bhutto commemoration riot

From Richard Wigg, Islamabad, April 4

Seven students were wounded, one fatally, when Pakistani police opened fire today after demonstrators, loyal to the memory of Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, the late Prime Minister, set fire to a telephone exchange in Larkana, in Sind Province.

The demonstration was to mark the first anniversary of the execution of Mr Bhutto in Rawalpindi jail.

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Golf

Penalty of a marked ball that disappeared

From John Hennessy, Palm Springs, April 3

Everybody who has played golf knows the anguish of penalties for lost balls, but in putting the bizarre circumstances that occurred on the first day of the Women's Professional Golfers' Association tournament here, Marilyn Smith, at 50, one of the oldest competitors, was dumbstruck to lose two strokes after believing it or not, plying ball to the short 14th green of the Mission Hills course and marking her ball.

Once that formally had been performed there was a long delay while her playing partner, Sandra Palmer (as it turned out the heroine of the day), played out of water. When the referee came for Miss Smith to put neither she nor her caddy could find the ball. She had no ball on her person, the caddy had one in his hand, and one in a pocket, but he insisted, against all reason and, you might think, all tactical common sense, that neither ball was the one that had been marked.

A vacancy for a caddy has occurred. It was fortunate that this extraordinary setback did not happen to Miss Palmer. Miss Smith finished well back on 79. Miss Palmer stands in splendid isolation at the end of the field with a superb round of 66, six under par, followed two strokes behind by Peggy Conley, Vicki Ferguson and Beth Solomon.

The favourites have a good deal of ground to make up. Nancy Lopez (now Mrs Norton) and JoAnne Carner are six strokes behind and the winner for the past two years, Sandra Post, of Canada, is in danger of missing the cut altogether with a disastrous round of 79. She was twice in the water at the home hole (502 yards) and

took nine. This tournament, the equivalent of the men's masters at Augusta (though the men's masters was thought not to be appropriate), is the richest of the American season, with total prize money of \$300,000.

The conditions were not so much ideal as idyllic, with a benevolent sun beaming from a blue sky, only a zephyr of breeze, the two fairways almost totally free of divots, and the rough nonexistent, the greens, in the words of one articulate player, "had the touch of gold" after the difficulties they had posed in the programs on the two previous days.

LEADING SCORES: Sandra Palmer, 66; Nancy Lopez, 67; JoAnne Carner, 68; Vicki Ferguson, 69; Peggy Conley, 70; Beth Solomon, 71; Marilyn Smith, 72; Sandra Post, 73; JoAnne Carner, 74; Vicki Ferguson, 75; Peggy Conley, 76; Beth Solomon, 77; Marilyn Smith, 78; Sandra Post, 79; JoAnne Carner, 80; Vicki Ferguson, 81; Peggy Conley, 82; Beth Solomon, 83; Marilyn Smith, 84; Sandra Post, 85; JoAnne Carner, 86; Vicki Ferguson, 87; Peggy Conley, 88; Beth Solomon, 89; Marilyn Smith, 90; Sandra Post, 91; JoAnne Carner, 92; Vicki Ferguson, 93; Peggy Conley, 94; Beth Solomon, 95; Marilyn Smith, 96; Sandra Post, 97; JoAnne Carner, 98; Vicki Ferguson, 99; Peggy Conley, 100; Beth Solomon, 101; Marilyn Smith, 102; Sandra Post, 103; JoAnne Carner, 104; Vicki Ferguson, 105; Peggy Conley, 106; Beth Solomon, 107; Marilyn Smith, 108; Sandra Post, 109; JoAnne Carner, 110; Vicki Ferguson, 111; Peggy Conley, 112; Beth Solomon, 113; Marilyn Smith, 114; Sandra Post, 115; JoAnne Carner, 116; Vicki Ferguson, 117; Peggy Conley, 118; Beth Solomon, 119; Marilyn Smith, 120; Sandra Post, 121; JoAnne Carner, 122; Vicki Ferguson, 123; Peggy Conley, 124; Beth Solomon, 125; Marilyn Smith, 126; Sandra Post, 127; JoAnne Carner, 128; Vicki Ferguson, 129; Peggy Conley, 130; Beth Solomon, 131; Marilyn Smith, 132; Sandra Post, 133; JoAnne Carner, 134; Vicki Ferguson, 135; Peggy Conley, 136; Beth Solomon, 137; Marilyn Smith, 138; Sandra Post, 139; JoAnne Carner, 140; Vicki Ferguson, 141; Peggy Conley, 142; Beth Solomon, 143; Marilyn Smith, 144; Sandra Post, 145; JoAnne Carner, 146; Vicki Ferguson, 147; Peggy Conley, 148; Beth Solomon, 149; Marilyn Smith, 150; Sandra Post, 151; JoAnne Carner, 152; Vicki Ferguson, 153; Peggy Conley, 154; Beth Solomon, 155; Marilyn Smith, 156; Sandra Post, 157; JoAnne Carner, 158; Vicki Ferguson, 159; Peggy Conley, 160; Beth Solomon, 161; Marilyn Smith, 162; Sandra Post, 163; JoAnne Carner, 164; Vicki Ferguson, 165; Peggy Conley, 166; Beth Solomon, 167; Marilyn Smith, 168; Sandra Post, 169; JoAnne Carner, 170; Vicki Ferguson, 171; Peggy Conley, 172; Beth Solomon, 173; Marilyn Smith, 174; Sandra Post, 175; JoAnne Carner, 176; Vicki Ferguson, 177; Peggy Conley, 178; Beth Solomon, 179; Marilyn Smith, 180; Sandra Post, 181; JoAnne Carner, 182; Vicki Ferguson, 183; Peggy Conley, 1

Penarth centenary one to remember

season preview
 Rugby League: Wake
 v Bradford (5)
 Rowing: Boat Race (4)
 ITV
 Football: Preview (12)
 Racing: Kempton Pa
 1.30, 2.0, 2.30
 Newcastle races
 start 2.45
 Gymnastics: Moscow e
 Boxing: Holmes v Jon
 v Gregory (4.0).
 Show jumping:
 Birmingham (9.0).
 BBC 2 tomorrow
 Rugby: Union Card.
 Harlequins (5.45).
 ITV tomorrow
 Football: Big Match (2
 p.m.).

Show jumping Jet Lag defies the laws in beating Jet Fresh

By Pamela Macgregor-Morris

The Everest Stud and David Gifford, who have been jumping in general and their neighbouring Birmingham International Show in particular, have their first visit to the National Exhibition Centre yesterday. Nick Skelton and Jet Lag defied all the laws of basal metabolism to be on the Durdun on Jet Fresh by two seconds.

The innovative 'American-style' green hunter classes were not the only attraction, with a hard core of hunter exhibitors. Robert and Gillian Oliver, who entered two exciting horses at the request of the latter's father, who is chairman of the show committee, decided to show and see what transpired.

Vin Toulson took part on Captain Pugwash, who married his chances with two refusals. None of the jumpers turned up even to a special prize for the eventers, among them Jane Staverley, participated, and Charlie Steel, Gable's former owner, came down to the show.

Games, beaten by Susan Clapham on her mother's and Miss Rothbarth's six-year-old Final, rising class for hunt teams was won by the North Cotswold from the Warwickshire and the Grafton.

Nicky Broome and Sportsman scored their second victory of the show on Thursday in the Selko Quartz on a young, unnamed, 10.2sec. Both of the other classes went to visiting riders—the Selko Tourist to Henri Norman from Netherlands, on Opinions Kohlman, with Elizabeth Edgar running-up on Forever by 0.8sec, while the Bronza, last brother, was won by the Selko time challenge went by 2sec to Paul Constantine on Daphney for West Germany. The winner of the world champion Cerd Wilfrang on Cratillon.

THE EVEREST STUD INTERNATIONAL: 1. Everest Stud's Jet Lag in Skelton; 2. Durdun on Jet Fresh; 3. Gable's former owner, Pamela Macgregor-Morris.

Rugby League

Derby without stars

By Keith Macklin

It was hardly a Challenge Cup final rehearsal at Craven Park, but an entertaining game, with a few stars before a capacity crowd. In Hull Kingston Rovers' 29-14 victory over Hull, it was largely a case of the two teams doing their best to outwit each other in the West End stars, and doing a splendid job without the original cast and scenery.

Millward, Agar and Casey were missing from the Rovers' Wembley team, and Lowe came out to a standing ovation. Hull side: Tindall, Prendiville, Birdsal and the suspended Woods missed the match, and Pickford and Lloyd were instructed, so neither side took any pre-Wembley risks of over-exposure of key men.

Rovers ran away with the game in the second half, and ended up with five tries from Hartley, Smith, Lowe, Tindall and Cranford, and four goals from Hubbard. The ageless Keith Hepworth, who played at Wembley for Castleford in 1959, got two tries for Hull. Dennison three goals and Lloyd one.

Widnes do not seem to have recovered from their semi-final defeat by Hull. They were well beaten by the Rovers at Warrington, where John Bevan got two tries, Dalgreen and Eccles one each and five scrum points. The men were sent off, Warrington's Ken Kelly and the Widnes forward, Brian Hogan, for the same offence.

Wigan now hung on to division one by the slenderest of throats, although they went down bravely to a 12-10 defeat by Leeds. They won an enormous scrum advantage against an inexperienced hooker, Glover. Wigan might have made more of their first ball chances. They turned round 12-3 down and were eventually beaten by two brilliant individual tries by Glenn Hastings and Johnnie Lacey, getting his second try of the match. Goleby got the other St Helens try.

Plimpton NH

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1. Mr. G. M. G. 7-1	2. Mr. G. M. G. 7-1
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7. Mr. G. M. G. 7-1	8. Mr. G. M. G. 7-1
9. Mr. G. M. G. 7-1	10. Mr. G. M. G. 7-1
11. Mr. G. M. G. 7-1	12. Mr. G. M. G. 7-1
13. Mr. G. M. G. 7-1	14. Mr. G. M. G. 7-1
15. Mr. G. M. G. 7-1	16. Mr. G. M. G. 7-1
17. Mr. G. M. G. 7-1	18. Mr. G. M. G. 7-1
19. Mr. G. M. G. 7-1	20. Mr. G. M. G. 7-1
21. Mr. G. M. G. 7-1	22. Mr. G. M. G. 7-1
23. Mr. G. M. G. 7-1	24. Mr. G. M. G. 7-1
25. Mr. G. M. G. 7-1	26. Mr. G. M. G. 7-1
27. Mr. G. M. G. 7-1	28. Mr. G. M. G. 7-1
29. Mr. G. M. G. 7-1	30. Mr. G. M. G. 7-1
31. Mr. G. M. G. 7-1	32. Mr. G. M. G. 7-1
33. Mr. G. M. G. 7-1	34. Mr. G. M. G. 7-1
35. Mr. G. M. G. 7-1	36. Mr. G. M. G. 7-1
37. Mr. G. M. G. 7-1	38. Mr. G. M. G. 7-1
39. Mr. G. M. G. 7-1	40. Mr. G. M. G. 7-1
41. Mr. G. M. G. 7-1	42. Mr. G. M. G. 7-1
43. Mr. G. M. G. 7-1	44. Mr. G. M. G. 7-1
45. Mr. G. M. G. 7-1	46. Mr. G. M. G. 7-1
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Saturday Review

Hot damn, they gave her a wonderful funeral! Opened up the English Cemetery in Piazzale Donatello, brought in the quality from all over Europe, charmed them out of the woodwork all over Florence, rounded it off with an address by the old Ambassador that made you proud you'd ever known her; even if it made you wonder whether he had.

I kept looking at the Daughter to see what she was making of it, but the Daughter didn't give much away.

She had one of those handsome English horse faces, like her mother, I recognized her straight off from the only picture I'd ever seen of her. I guess the only one in the whole house.

It was in an upstairs sitting room where I'd wandered in one day by mistake, fetching something for Alice. There it was, on a black lacquered Chinese bureau—I'd recognized that, as well, one of many questionable things I'd seen knocking around the Florentine salesrooms—a framed photograph of her and Alice, in a broad-brimmed hat, both of them in summer dresses.

The Daughter must have been about sixteen; Alice was smiling, but the Daughter wasn't. I could tell who she was right away, from the resemblance. Alice had a hand on her shoulder, but there was no proximity; the Daughter might have been a stick of furniture, something else she'd picked up in the salesrooms and she'd herself looked as if she'd just been arrested.

I never mentioned the photograph to Alice; it didn't do to talk about the Daughter. She was always somewhere else, in Paris or New York, she was meant to have been married a few times. Alice was disappointed in her; that we did know. Or jealous of her, maybe; jealous just because she was younger. She never liked women being younger.

As the Ambassador got going, his bald head blinding in the sun, as he made with all the phrases, "This courageous woman . . . this rare being whose life was dedicated to the pursuit of excellence in her own life and that of others . . . who loved the arts, but placed integrity and honesty above all else . . . I saw the Daughter's mouth twitch, just once, I saw her feet shuffle in her Gucci shoes, but she never sighed or said a word. She was far too cool and cute for that.

I guessed she must have come about the will; there wouldn't be too much filial devotion there. There had to be a will, and from what I knew of Alice, she'd have left the whole lot to the cats' home rather than the Daughter, but you never knew, and if you had the right advocate and the will was drawn in Italy, there was always a chance.

On he went, the old boy, his face bright purple in the heat. He must have been boiling in the dark, old-fashioned suit he wore; the kind he always wore. He went, competing with the crickets, who were making one hell of a racket in the long, long grass.

That grass looked like it hadn't been cut for years, and the cemetery as if no one had been buried there for years before that. With its huge, high walls that kept it out of sight, there in the lee of San Domenico, before Florence goes shuddering uphill toward Fiesole, it was as much a relic as the Ambassador himself; as poor old Alice, come to think of it, I'd always known the place was there, but I'd never thought of looking at it, and now that I was, I found it fascinating, with its cracked tombstones, commemorating all these European rulers who'd come out here to die, all those old maids and aristocrats and patrons of the arts who'd come out here to live.

If you had a taste for symbolism, the old principessa, lying here was like being buried on English soil, in the kind of England Alice used to know. The people who'd come out into the light from under stones, the old principessa and the moulting duchesse, the motherless marchesi and the crumbling countess, the two or three old nannies who were still left in Florence, and the up-market English who'd stopped visits with Alice, bowed their heads, tried to look reverent and tried not to look dead. I guessed most of them were simply feeling glad it wasn't them.

When they caught my eye, the ones who knew me or had known me, they quickly looked away. I was bad medicine, not part of the *combustio*. Twenty years ago, when I'd arrived from the States, I'd tried that little scene, but it had failed.

The British Consul was there, of course, wearing one of those strange, soft, shapeless hats that British consuls wear, at least in public, looking hot and pink and bored—I believe she'd snubbed a few consuls in her time—and there was someone up from the embassy in Rome; pin-striped suit and another high-soft hat.

There was the Reverend Arthur Deeley, who'd picked his way through the service like a goat down a mountain, looking like a Yankee preacher, still hanging on to his job by a thread; and there was Robin Holmes. He looked at me, the usual quick glance out of the corner of his eye, then went back to looking reverent. God knows he'd had a lot of practice.

We knew what we thought of one another, though we'd never had a hard word. He'd been hanging around that villa for



Very much reality

by Brian Glanville

years, cussing this, advising on that, creeping about like a vertical lizard, flattening himself against walls, terrified I'd call him on something, some day, though I never did.

I just watched the pictures and the objects come and go, and wondered how the hell he got away with it. Now and again he'd make a big play of asking my advice. "How would you evaluate this, Mr. Glanville?"

"Why, Mr. Holmes," I'd say, "the very same way you have."

He was dressed in a white, lightweight, wool and fibre suit, more appropriate for the weather than for the occasion, and he didn't look sad so much as worried; probably wondering what flower he could flit to now.

In spite of his name and his red, curly hair and his New England drawl, he never seemed the All American he tried to be. His skin was too dark and his movements were too fidgety. He fanned on her, she tolerated him, just as, in quite another way, I felt she tolerated the Ambassador.

He was still at it, poor old boy. "Those who have known her will experience a gap in their lives that can never adequately be filled by the product of a world perhaps more generous and more spacious than today's . . . of a society which put a premium on decency, duty, charity and refinement . . . an artist of no mean gift herself, she loved the arts, and artists reciprocated her affection . . ."

I found myself staring at his shoes; heavy, black and highly polished, square toed, cut as high as boots, I'd always thought they must be made for him in London. I looked at the Reverend Deeley and he smiled, the slightest flicker, instantly suppressed; he couldn't afford to take any chances.

" . . . her beauty was not merely a physical one . . ."

I don't think it ever had been. The nose was too big, the chin was too long. From what I could see from the pictures and paintings that she had around the house, she looked better when she got older, but she behaved like a beauty; with the composure and the candour and the ex-pectation. People were meant to run around her.

Afterwards, we went to the villa, up the hill to Fiesole. I sat in a car with Robin Holmes and the Reverend Deeley. The Reverend Deeley was chuckling. "I could surely use a drink," he said. "You know

the most amusing thing? I reckon the old boy believed it." Holmes didn't say a thing; he just sat there looking disapproving. Maybe he did disapprove.

"I could tell you things," the Reverend Deeley said. "Jesus, I could tell you things." Holmes looked straight ahead, pretending not to hear him. I just looked out of the window. I had no time for Deeley, and he knew it.

It was a glorious day, but then of course it would be just past noon, the light still very sharp, the villas and the cypresses standing out clear as a Breughel on the hill. I thought of all the times I'd been up to see Alice, driving through the great, open gates as we were driving now, crumpling up the drive to those grounds, that garden, all that opulence, that massive villa with its russet walls, its vines and sunblinds.

The car stopped in the drive, among the other cars, Lancias and Fiats and her own old Rolls.

"Guess it's the last time I'll be up here," said Deeley, with a big, sad smile, thinking of all the drinks and dinners that he wouldn't be getting. "I'll miss that. Guess in a way I'll miss her, too. You'll miss her, won't you, Robin?" he asked, his little eyes lighting up.

"Of course," said Robin. "It was a privilege to know her." "You, too, Peter, huh?" said Deeley, climbing out of the car. "Why, yes," I said. "I love to hear her sitting on the servants."

It was true, though I guess I shouldn't have said it. Robin Holmes moved away from me as fast as he could, past the cloud of hydrangeas, past the swaths of bougainvillea, afraid that if he stayed any longer near me, he'd be associated with me.

As for the priest, it even pulled him up short, just for a moment, then he remembered he was meant to laugh at that kind of thing, and he did; not too loud, though.

"Well," he said, laughing, "well," looking more than ever like a vaudeville turn, with his turned-up nose and his dark rubber face.

The old Ambassador was very cordly. He'd treated Alice like a piece of porcelain, stood up when she'd come into rooms or when she left him, hung on every word she'd said like Holy Writ, till sometimes I'd wonder how she stood it. Then

heard him say more than a few words; whatever Alice may have said to him, or however she said it. "Bring this! Leave that! Put that there! No, there Now now! Not that! I don't want it cold!"

I guessed, the poor bastard must be working out what he'd do; he was in his fifties, he'd find it hard to get another job like this, even if she had been what she was; and she sure as hell wouldn't have left him much in her will.

Upstairs in the big salotto, among all the *sottocento* *rinascimento*, beneath the Gobelins, which was one of the good things she had, and her own timid little watercolours, which weren't so good, Alice, driving through the great, open gates as we were driving now, crumpling up the drive to those grounds, that garden, all that opulence, that massive villa with its russet walls, its vines and sunblinds.

No-one much spoke to her, least of all the Ambassador. I got to watching them, as they moved around the room, each behaving as if the other wasn't there, as if they'd both been programmed to avoid each other.

The butler and his wife passed round trays of *aperitivo*, the dug-out Florentines avoided me; I felt sorry for the Ambassador. He looked quite stunned, though he went through the motions as he always did, so composed and courteous and dignified, an absolute.

I heard him say to someone, "I think it was the man from the embassy. There was no-one like her; there never has been and there never will be," and suddenly I was reminded of another time, another party, in this very room.

She was sitting in her high-backed chair, very *grande dame*, she sat it like a throne, when I heard her say quietly to a pretty English poet, "If I was 20 years younger, I'd have made a pass at you."

The Ambassador hadn't heard, and if he had he would never have believed it. It was a glimpse of the old Alice; or rather, the younger Alice, who wouldn't have stayed around ten minutes for the old Ambassador—or, I guess, the younger Ambassador—would hardly have given him the time of day, and would have shocked the hell out of him if she had.

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fancy English newspaper, the kind she must have taken herself, done up with lots of her photographs; Alice at Astor in her twenties, dressed to kill among the grey top hats; Alice all soul, melting for the camera in some stately home; Alice arm-in-arm with her friend, the pianist, Maria.

Maria was prettier, Alice was taller, Maria had dark curls and a saucy little mouth; there was something provocative about her, and at the same time, something helpless; quite a combination. There was a biography of her, boxed in black type. She'd left her husband for Alice and she'd never gone back to him; she'd died twelve years ago in Boston.

I'd heard of her, but never heard her play; I guess she'd been pretty good. Pretty good in bed as well, by the sound of it. Deeley pointed out the passages to me, jabbing at them with his big fat finger.

Last night, with Maria, I reached the summit of erotic happiness, fulfillment I have never found with any man.

They'd been around the world together, consummating their lusts in four-star hotels, wherever the sun shone; Nice, Madeira, even the Bahamas.

"The beauty of her tanned body is something wondrous to me. I want to possess it; and I want to paint it."

There was a painting, too; or a photograph of one. It looked better than most of those I'd seen by Alice; the watercolours and the glowing portraits. A nude—Maria—reclining on a tropical beach, the pose abandoned, head thrown back, an arm thrown back, a glimpse of public hair.

"Oh, my," said the Reverend Deeley, pointing at it. "Oh, my, what will the Ambassador make of that?"

Indeed, what would he? The question stabbed me like a sword. "He knew she'd got the diaries," Deeley said. "Robin Holmes said he stomped around the room one day, just after the funeral, shouting out, 'she stole them, she stole them!'"

Yes, I'm sure she did," I said, and didn't stay much longer. I simply couldn't stand his glee. The old Ambassador was a deluded sap, but I guessed he must be really going through it.

I knew that he was still at the villa. It was going to be sold, she hadn't left it to him—or to anyone—but until it had

been, he was kind of caretaker, hanging on among the memories. Apparently Robin Holmes was still creeping around it, too, under the pretext of valuing things.

I'd made a habit of avoiding him, just as I'd avoided Deeley when he came into town, but now I kept a look out for him. I was intrigued. I wondered how the poor old guy was taking it. I was sorry for him, yet I was fascinated by it all.

There he'd been, with his myth, his grand illusion, and suddenly the goddess had become a bitch goddess; the predatory lesbian, selfish as a spook child, grabbing what she could where she could.

So next time I saw Holmes, in San Lorenzo market, cruising the stalls beneath that overpowering bulk, I spoke to him. It shocked him. At first he bridled like a deer, longing to bolt, but there among the stalls and shoppers it was just too crowded, and he had to stay.

"How's the Ambassador?" I asked.

"He's taken it badly," Holmes said. There was a thumping back in his hand. He'd been turning over cheap apples, and I guess he was ashamed I'd seen him. "At first he shut himself in his room."

His room; I'd wondered about that, as well. What kind of guest had he been; a paying guest? And did he have dreams of making love to her? I didn't think so; Alice had to be untouchable.

about it; hardly change fifty years.

"He blames the Daughter," I said.

"Oh, yes, entirely, for her for everything. For the diaries, and for I think."

"Good God."

"And now she says coming back. She says the things there that belong to 'I see.' I said, and it I did. She wanted to be what she'd done, to look and glow. 'We mustn't happen,' I said."

"How can we stop it?" Then I met the Ambassador himself. Only a few days toddling down the Tuscan near the Ponte Santa I. It was a cold, bright day, the river ran fast, a kind.

He'd looked old before he'd aged further. There was a sprightliness about a kind of cheery electric absolute anachronism, of his time, but still fitting on his own terms. N that had gone. He drooped shuffled, and lost weight. When first I spoke to I didn't recognize me. "E said. 'What?' He benumbed. Then I explain he remembered."

"Oh, yes," he said, used to come quite something to do with ar "I write about it."

"Yes," he said, and I shuffled on, but I stopped. For curiosity, I guess pity; he looked so abjectly. I asked him for coffee, and he came thinking for a bit. "O all right," I suppose the graciousness had at. When he was there, salotto, he was mostly he seemed full of pain, a bit about the weather wine—I'd heard that. "Alice was a good, finally he said, 'abominable'."

"It was," I said. However she might whatever had gone on. An act of total ma "Yes," I said, and stared at me.

"You know her well? Could you believe a it? His pale, old eyes like stones. I shook my it might have been a but seemed to satisfy."

He was quiet, as wanted to go on, but could tell that, but all bringing fought against whole experience of building, still upper lip years and years of the flag, keeping the no order, ending up where was: Ambassador to Curitiba, somewhere I. So it could come out, short sharp burst, but too strong for him to si.

"You must come me," he said before and I did. I went eve He was a little better while. The silences were, the silences were, he could talk to him. Holmes was often there and evaporating. The took hardly any notice as I have said, the oblige was wearing the. The Daughter, I say when she came com that threw him again. talked, which still wast it was only about d mammoth imperious outrageous insolence, not be here. I shall n black day, one of clo out of doors, you c thrashed by the rain. was blurred under a light.

"Oh, there are othe as well. She can take 'wants'."

So she came. I was t so was Robin Holmes. black day, one of clo out of doors, you c thrashed by the rain. was blurred under a light.

All that afternoon w for her, the old man Holmes and I. He spoke, though when he brought us coffee, he up and ask for cog When we heard the tin drive he acted on his in. His face still didn't anything. "La Signora. Show her up," the said.

I looked at Holm seemed petrified. W there, yet we were q traneous. There wasn't thing we could do. More stops on the sta there she was. She wore mink over a cream gold chain round her I sunglasses. She smiled, she didn't look at u. I shan't be long," she He stood up, breath hard. His cheeks were red. He seemed about t His mouth opened; it came. Again she smiled again he tried.

"How could you?" ted. "How could you?" There were tears in t Quite, actually. I was talking to the D & Brian Glanville 1980.

Paperbacks

e making
of a
sterpieced. Youth and Exile by
Herzen (1975)

4th of September 1970 leader commemorated due plaque at 1, Orsett off Westbourne Terrace, a house lived in for Alexander Herzen Russian revolutionary who acquired Swiss citizenship in 1848, repression and cen- The unveiling of this y the Soviet Ambas- is not without irony, can in his magnificent apply. My Past and vehemently con- totalitarian abuse of freedom. A protest inent, coming as it did who witnessed the of political and form as it swept Russia and Europe in century, and who had active participant, involved with the wrongdoers who on- be did, prison and their fight for dem- ad. Youth & Exile, ue of Herzen's four masterpiece, is now 'The World's Clas- in. James Duff's, originally published (Constance Garnett's appeared in 1924), novelistic essay by in which is as marv- stimulating the why itself, which Pro- rin estimates to be the great monuments literary and psychol- ical worthy to stand the great novels of ad Tokyo.

turning
o the
ource

A. J. Ayer: Aquinas, y Kenny: Pascal, y Ishemer: Dante, y Holmes: Jesus, y Carpenter: Marx, y ger. (Oxford Past 3p each).

believe that move- thought follow a stern. Thus: some s an original idea or rapidly attracts di- as once pressed to message. On the before long, estab- f a Church, which rates schisms. After tures, someone sees, nce. "We must go s True Word". Some may even say: as gather to garble, e with this sample of ew series of succinct age 80 small pages) achieving the first f getting back to s Masters cover scientists and some d will range from epare and Tolstoy us, Copernicus, Dar- any more. Getting at nerals means accept- nce. If the books n them it will be a t, not to say.

the books provide interpretations but- ticism. The most cri- the judicial sense) is one. In basic accord s, Ayer is particularly n, but his demand for tal evidence and re- superstition; but also ing the atomism of tront of sense-per- ch he sees as being ly complex. (Did courage later philoso- "see" pink patches, rest of us "see" e pits? The atten- e Ayer also gives to underemphasized moral y is welcome and per- what surprising, as anyone can get subject, we may think has done so. Not that y, and Krawlingmen- ed the edges of what icts actually said. Dr as legitimately suc- extracting from theological writings a y of mind which, with- atic intrusion, belongs the main streams of ary philosophy. s traces in Chomsky's s: Wittgenstein that Ayer at least: right questions. ecialists of lone stand- er committed to dis- e, do think their e swans. Dr Kraw- Pascal comes with al- onal prestige and con- g sales behind him, ecept that by the: of his day, he was a scientist and expert. But that he remained his conversion here dence.

why are ignorant of ad those who already a could find George historical and literary a most satisfactory eference and reminder, perhaps best of all fits because of a complete ical identification with ct.

fortune. From his nurse he heard the stories of the Napo- leonic invasion and the fire, and these he retells with a topical vividness. He describes his father as a typical 18th century Slavophile, by nature a mis- antrope. Herzen was left to tutors and servants. The reign- ing Tsar was Alexander I whose death was lamented partly because the accession of Nicholas brought in a reign of shocking tyranny. Herzen, then in his teens, was like many of his contemporaries, to find his political awakening in the after- math of the Decembrist revolt of 1825. Russia then was a nation of slave-owners, a system abhorrent to Herzen and his friends at Moscow University. His memories of these times, of the personalities involved in public events, are passion- ately conveyed in his anec- dote and annotation—total condemnation of the state's efforts to silence those dedicated to reform.

At 19 Herzen was arrested, kept in prison for nine months, and sentenced to exile in Siberia as a member of a conspiracy. The evidence was thin: student talk, student writ- ing. For three years he com- piled statistics for the govern- ment, a rich young man he was allowed to take his valet with him, and able to read a very comfortable house. The difference in punishment of the "marked" man is very clearly, and ironically, featured. In Vladimir, he was allowed to elope with his cousin, all of which he describes in volume two. This is a portrait of a revolutionary in the making, a young man of great courage, warmly intelligent, indepen- dence and determination. Already one can see the man who, more and more, to quote Isaiah Berlin, "believed the destruction of individual free- dom to be neither desirable nor inevitable, but as being highly probable, unless it was averted by deliberate human effort". The footnotes to this translation are not as generous as those in the Garnett translation, a small regret to note about this splendid, inspiring and memorable work.

Kay Dick

Offering a
kiss
of
death

Sideshow: Kissinger, Nixon and the Destruction of Cambodia, by William Shawcross (Fontana, £1.95)

When a book presents itself as "compulsory reading" I reach for my document shredder. Apart from the dictatorial over- tones, the phrase implies that reading the work is a labour you would undertake only under duress.

That is decidedly not the case with William Shawcross's moving and magnificent account of the disintegration of a people, although the publishers quote the unsuitable extract from an American review on the back cover. For in addition to the high quality of his analysis and research, Shawcross's sprightly style makes it a genuine work of literature.

When published last year, *Sideshow* became a bestseller, hailed by critics of American policy in South-East Asia over the past two decades. Since that first publication, much of the book's argument has been challenged by Dr Henry Kissinger, Shawcross's villain-in-chief, in his own ponderous memoirs. Kissinger does not refer to Shawcross by name, but describes his views as "revisionist folklore".

Kissinger attributes the destruction of Cambodia not to the American invasion or extrava- gant bombing but to the series of events which began with Lon Nol's coup in 1970 and ended in 1975 with what he saw as a failure of American nerve. Shawcross has not suc- ceeded in establishing American complicity in the coup, but he

argues that, instead of support- ing Lon Nol, the United States should have encouraged Prince Sihanouk, whom he replaced, to make a new bid for power. This is a weakness in the Shawcross thesis. Sihanouk, a shrewd and self-indulgent aristocrat, shared many qualities with the Vicar of Bray. He may have been more savoury than Lon Nol, but the lesson of the last 20 years is that for any regime (such as Vietnam, Iran), Ameri- can intervention on its behalf is in the long term, the kiss of death.

The real moral of *Sideshow* is not that the Americans supported the wrong man but that military involvement overseas on a scale likely to be effective cannot be sustained, if the American people cannot bring themselves to make a commit- ment to it. When a President decides that he has to keep his acts of war (the early Cambod- ian bombings) secret from the people on whose behalf he is supposed to be undertaking them, democracy becomes an absurdity.

President Carter has under- stood this, which is why his response to Soviet incursions into Afghanistan has been limited to the imposition of an athletic quarantine. It is also why there has been no attempt at an armed rescue of the Tehran hostages. Five years ago, when the Cambodians cap- tured the crew of the American ship *Mayaguez*, President Ford did effect such a rescue, losing 41 men to save 40.

There are those, and Dr Kissinger is among them, who continue to believe that the United States, its nerve re- stored, can remain a world power by pursuing an inter- ventionist foreign policy, con- fronting Communist expansion and acting decisively to protect America's perceived interests. For those still holding such beliefs, this book should be compulsory reading.

Michael Leapman

new broom and classy dustpan) and the extravagant (boy in- vents war attenuator gas that stinks but harms not). Atwood discovers the oddness of every- day life from eating and wash- ing up, to women making up, to the contrast between the genteel and the vulgar. Both demon- strate that all that is necessary for the survival of the fittest is an interest in life, good, bad, or peculiar. Both are advertise- ments for being a woman, even in these difficult times for the sex. Both are funny, sharp, witty, clever writers, whom it is a delight and an honour to be a contemporary, even though a male.

Philip Howard

Spectators
to
a war

OLIVIA MANNING: The Great Fortune: The Spoils City: Friends and Heroes. (Penguin, £1.25, £1.25, £1.50).

When the first volume of Olivia Manning's Balkan trilogy, *The Great Fortune*, opens, Guy and Harriet Pringle have been married a week and are on their way to a British Council job in Bucharest. It is 1939. The last volume, *Friends and Heroes*, finds them in Athens, now years later, their marriage a little battered, still living the rootless lives of spectators to a war whose dimensions and horror neither has yet under- stood. Each of the three parts—the middle book is called *The Spoils City*—was planned to stand on its own, but it is as a trilogy that they deliver their message: an authoritative recollection of the homeless and chanceless, as it touches ordinary people.

One of Olivia Manning's strengths has always been her ability to describe sights and sounds in such a way that the reader lives among them. It is in the details of life in Bucharest, among an ill- assorted group of helpless people, that she achieves her masterpiece, a large cast of characters whose lives she tangles and untangles, and gives them characters that stick in the mind: the finickiness and vain pompousness of the Greek, the spongy, stumpy, streetwise "poor old Yaki", repulsive and pathetic, whose death provides one of the most brilliant scenes of tragicomic in the trilogy.

Olivia Manning is less suc- cessful with her major characters. Harriet is a prigish, too humourless and her self obsession and her obsession to be another Crouch- beck, and Guy is seen so much through her eyes "a large untidy man clutching an armful of books and papers with the awkwardness of a bear" that with her you lose your admiration for his lovable rock-like saintliness, and come to regard him as a dangerous eccentric, too easily taken in by the second rate.

She is a firm writer, with a dispassionate style which has no need of sentiment for its effects. The trilogy is untidy, but it is precisely this controlled un- tidiness, the way the books wander among people more per- turbed by personal jealousies and petty politics than the grander tragedy of war, that makes it so remarkable.

Caroline Moorehead

Radio
God in
Man's image

You might say that what John Barton and the RSC have done for Greek tragedy, David Buck and Radio 3 have done for the medieval mysteries—taken them and turned them into one enormous story. In the image of God Mr Buck has combined what seemed to him best in the surviving cycles (mainly York, Wakefield and Chester) and in the interests of stylistic cohesion has re- written everything in his own rhyming verse. To this there will probably be scholarly objections of one or another: from the listener's point of view, the whole affair must be judged a great suc- cess.

Easter deadlines being what they are, I have yet to hear the last of the three lengthy parts, but the first two leave no doubt at all that as drama- tist and versifier Mr Buck has done a creditable job. As regards his lines, they are vig- orous and clear, they have the style and language of the tradi- tional ballad, avoiding equally both archaisms and usage peculiar only to the late twen- tieth century. This makes his verse a pleasure from the very beginning, immediately sug- gesting that any suspicions we may have been harbouring will not be justified—for if past experience is anything to go by, five and a quarter hours of medieval mystery will pose a mystery indeed: how anybody in his right mind could endure the stuff. The last thing it can be expected to offer is any prospect of lively interest and enjoyment, yet praise be, *The Image of God* has been at once and consistently lively, interesting and enjoyable.

The good qualities of the writing have helped to make the best of good dramatic qual- ities. Of the most striking has been the attractive vari- ation of mood from scene to scene: we have moved, for example, from the relative pangs of Cain and Abel in which false exits and male hysteria (confusingly duplicated between Oliver and Duke Frederick) are overworked. But in its general

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David Wade

THE ARTS
Passion and energyAs You Like It
Stratford

Irving Wardle

To open the Stratford season with *As You Like It* in the im- mediate wake of the last RSC and National Theatre versions looks like coat trailing, as per- haps it is, given the confident figure with which Terry Hands stamps his signature on the play.

In the precise sense of an overused word, this is a per- formance. From the opening quarrel which erupts over the whole downstage area, and the wrestling match where Rosalind and Celia join in with hisses and hair-pulling, it is an even- ing of fearlessly extrovert ani- mation by a company who have clearly been told never to be afraid of going over the top.

It is fast, passionate, and tightly controlled, offering many deft scenic overlaps, as where the girls' arcadian exit line is met with bestial roars from the actual forest.

There are times when the chases, leaping entries, running exits, and demonstrations of how many lines you can get through without taking a breath suggest the work of a ring- master more than a director. Some effects, particularly comic terror, winding up on his knees (confusingly duplicated between Oliver and Duke Frederick) are overworked. But in its general

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line the show is irresistible. This play is supposed to be about the forces of fertility and that is what the company deliver direct.

For all its external style the production has strong affinities with John Dexter's more ob- viously mediated National Theatre version. It, too, moves from winter towards May Day (bringing a transformation of Farrah's set from a fleecelined box to a sunny glade carpeted with spring flowers); it, too, is rooted in folklore which per- vades the stage at the garlanded finale under Corin's Hymen. Also it levels up the sexual duels with John Bowe's virile Orlando and Allen Hendrick's gaily comic Silvius; and the love action is supervised by the two counter-clowns Touchstone and Jaques.

As at the National Theatre a close bond develops between these two from the moment when Derek Godfrey, instead of simply reporting his meeting with a fool in the forest, launches into his own clown routine. This being a perform- ance show, Joe Melia's Touch- stone is a joke-meister-performer as much as Audrey's belding lover as when called upon to do a turn for the Duke. In fact his funniest passage comes in col- lision with Terry Wood's moun- tainous William whom he threatens in some of the most terror, winding up on his knees and leaving his rival to shamble off like a mildly bewildered elephant.

Most more surprising but thoroughly in keeping with the fertility motif, Jaques is shown falling for Rosalind who half- succumbs to being folded in his cloak before her real lover arrives on the scene and the sound of youthful laughter drives Jaques back into solitude. That is one moment when the pace does relax. There are others—such as the first lyrical entrance into the forest, and the sealing of the love pact when Rosalind and Orlando flop down exhausted after a game. Some- times these turning points are marked by Guy Woolfenden's music: others are strictly comic, such as the repeated, "love at first sight" encounters when the surrounding action freezes and each set of partners in turn approach each other like sleep-walkers.

The speed and emotional generosity of the show are sum- med up in Susan Fleetwood's Rosalind which rebounds be- tween these limits of mischief and passion. Typically, no sooner has she told Orlando that her hand would not harm a fly than she thumps him with it. The journey they take to- gether parodies the full range of matrimonial discord, from long nagging pursuits to the forest exit to squabbles over getting their own bit of blanket in the marriage bed. This, as much as the drugged adoration with which she kisses the ground under his feet confirms that Orlando has fallen into good hands.

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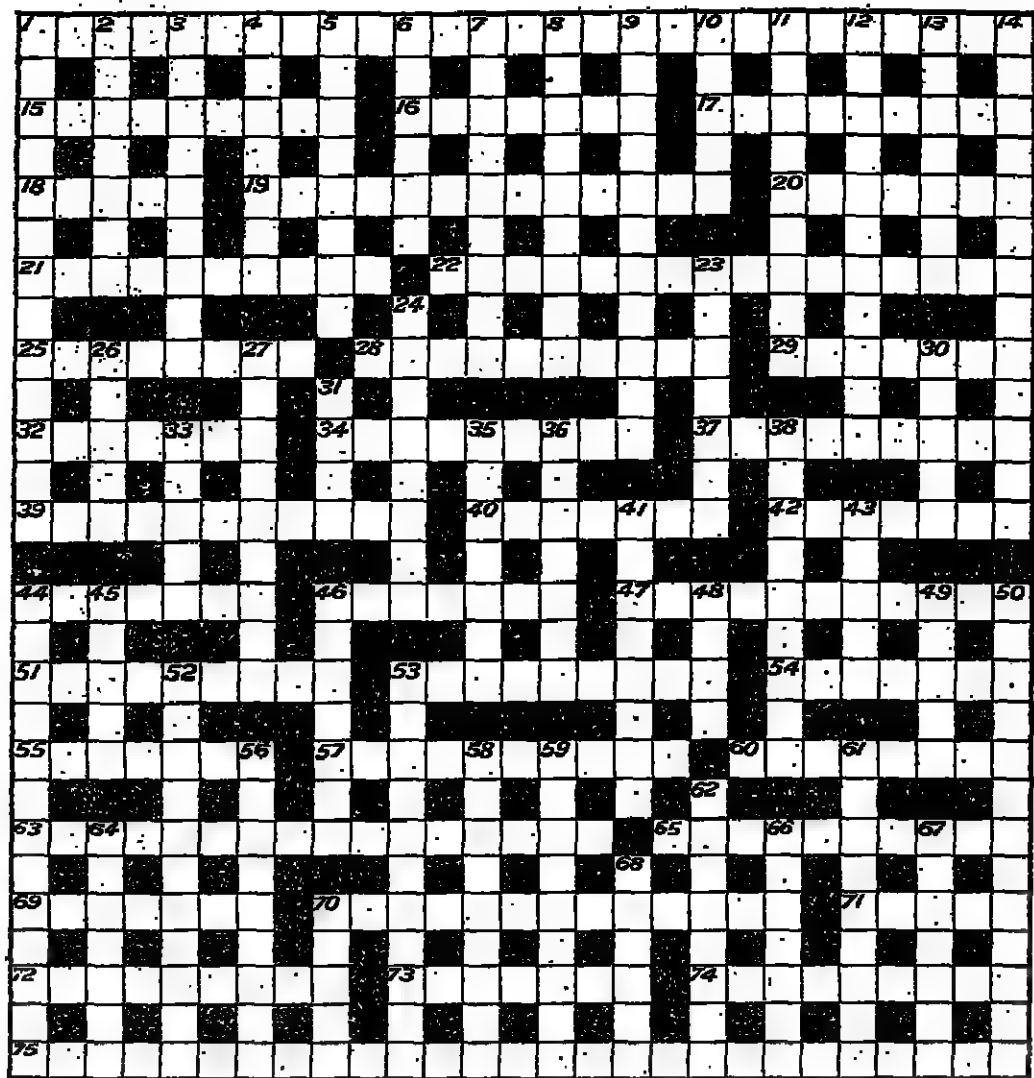
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The Times Jumbo Crossword



Name:

Address:

Prizes of £12 each will be given to the first three correct solutions opened on Monday, April 14. Entries should be addressed to The Times, Jumbo Crossword Competition, 12 Coley Street, London WC9 9XT. Winners and solution will be announced on Saturday, April 19.

ACROSS

- 1 Fourteen pounds the brace? That's effort saving (7, 3, 5, 4, 3, 5).
- 15 Supporting an official transfer (9).
- 16 Start of play not quite nice but radiantly energetic (7).
- 17 Point three, this being of course the third (9).
- 18 A "particular" order? (5).
- 19 One of "granny's" big features (not all head) shows Red Riding-hood's dishy quality (13).
- 20 Less like William IX of Orange, more like Caliban's isle (7).
- 21 It can supply to them race speed recorder (10).
- 22 Red flower in heaven or hell? The French question (7, 9).
- 25 Time to take a picture (8).
- 28 Played parts of campers on a tedious safari (10).
- 29 One employed in cake-making in the seraglio? (7).
- 32 Mohammedan is about to embrace the friend of Paris (7).
- 34 Cops as Amalthea's horn, say? (9).
- 37 Judgment summons? That's the end (4, 5).
- 39 Pasternak type of snipe, might one say, once knocked about St. Andrew's (5-6).
- 40 More over- (or maybe under-) weight for the run home (7).

- 42 It's the tube for Philip French and 'both ways' (7).
- 44 Wind and weather—little change (7).
- 46 One up at poker? (3, 4).
- 47 Three appearing raised by midnight haze (11).
- 51 Where we found a club is effective (9).
- 53 To beat senior citizens entrants have to pass it (9).
- 54 Member in detachment has no billet for the night (7).
- 55 See mine confounding the tricky knaves (7).
- 57 Beef shown by runners-up in Olympic team event (10).
- 60 Member embraces, in professional style, Lydia's aunt (8).
- 63 Far from overweight for instance Mrs. Danvers, employed by elder brethren (16).
- 65 Arnold's dead hero, T. Morse? Nonsense! (10).
- 69 Sharp's a paranoiac chap. (7).
- 70 Astral plane? (13).
- 71 One drilling Remus's brother—nothing in that (5).
- 72 Old Greek—just (9).
- 73 Heavenly body lacks a hormone perhaps (7).
- 74 Where the daily grind shows a profit? (5-4).
- 75 Threat of action initiated by Figler's grand-father (11, 4, 2, 10).

DOWN

- 1 "Nought" includes "Cross"? Some game! (4-3-4).
- 2 Like Leonides, far from verbose (7).
- 3 If in trouble with unions, ring copper—can do harm (9).
- 4 Cardigan in its right leg twisted (7).
- 5 70 or who walks on air? (8).
- 6 Head gets by, keeping every one in (6).
- 7 Applies to the past and withdraws nothing therein (9).
- 8 Zion's court and shrine destroyed (9).
- 9 For salaried types what could be nicer (with nuts) than this date? (11).
- 10 Divinity of the upper class in Marx Mount (5).
- 11 Burns gives others as Auld Hornie, Satan and Clorine (9).
- 12 In which the rent-payer gets done by the management (7, 4).

- 13 "Nothing over sixpence" once—once or twice? Such metamorphoses! (7).
- 14 Ape chewed up his letters initially (10) them purloined? (5, 5, 3).
- 23 But this canister aims to remain dry (7).
- 24 Keep up with the Greens in life-style? 26 Sanctimonious crew met the rent ancient mariner (5).
- 27 Early bird raiser for instance (9).
- 30 A film planned for this market... (5) 31... could be an out-of-the-rut sort of p (4).
- 33 Purported to show myself a model dusty (5).
- 35 Is the creature Jack's? That's right.
- 36 Gets red-hot hands, full of 41 perhaps.
- 38 Prove a sun may become one (9).
- 41 See 36 (8).
- 43 Tube inventor makes nothing in Ch (5).
- 44 Help 'e organized in termite problem rationally expensive (5, 8).
- 45 Poet's work in oriental drug set-up.
- 46 Helps Francis (for instance) at home one's away (7).
- 48 Cases in which some 24, as like as n (4).
- 49 Does 'e self-stockings, the basket (5).
- 50 Helps Harris do revision of a poetic ter (10, 3).
- 52 Will this American campaigner's signal the end of the game? (7-4).
- 53 Is sense like, disturbed by paranormal meat (11).
- 56 Betting on the favourite being not a Bermuda rig? (5, 4).
- 58 That is the rule, oddly enough, of an any free society (9).
- 59 Pan-scorer has permits to set up the Spanish court (5-4).
- 61 Like Bloncia about to climb out of a boat (9).
- 62 Stay mum! Avoid duty (8).
- 64 General put on hat, not one of divine ing (7).
- 66 Smart guys on their pomes, the Yank.
- 67 Montgolfier brothers demonstrated a kind of the Berlin blockade (7).
- 68 Fortia's phone like "a good deen naughty world" (6).
- 70 Class for actors, say (5).

Collecting

Top of the Victorian class

Conditioned by regular sightings of the Albert Memorial and by visions of statues and reliefs of sentimental marble, the mere mention of Victorian sculpture produces in most collectors one or two reflex actions: either a shuddering of the eyes against vulgar decorative excess or a stifling of yawns at the pallid propriety of the sculptural forms.

Justified though these reactions are to much of what was going on in the 1850s, a careful inspection of the parks and squares of almost any city in the British Isles will reveal that by the end of the nineteenth century a younger group of sculptors had emerged who expressed themselves largely in bronze and produced work of imagination, movement and physical strength even in large-scale municipal monuments.

Some of the public commissions of what was dubbed by Edmund Gosse in a series of articles in 1894 as the New Sculpture are still well-known and popular works: three such examples in London are Eros and his fountain in Piccadilly Circus, the Peter Pan statue in Kensington Gardens and the recently regilded Victoria Memorial outside Buckingham Palace.

Less well-known, if they are remembered at all, are the names of the sculptors of these landmarks, even though all three artists were knighted for their contributions to turn-of-the-century England; they were respectively Sir Alfred Gilbert, MBE, RA (1854-1934), Sir George Frampton, RA, FRBS (1860-1923) and Sir Thomas Brock, KCB, RA (1847-1922).

Other monuments of the period in London worth more than just a second glance include the extraordinarily powerful and "modern" Physical Energy, originally conceived by G. Watts in the 1880s, and now dominating one of my favourite Sunday afternoon sections of Kensington Gardens, quite near the Round Pond.

The Victoria Embankment is littered with sculpture. Some of it is lively and interesting, notably Hans Thornycroft's General Gordon of 1883, Frampton's Memorial to W. S. Gilbert of 1913 and Thomas Carlyle by the normally dull Edgar Boehm, who is condemned for having been the favourite sculptor of Queen Victoria, who had notoriously bad taste in sculpture.

Outside London interesting examples can be found as far afield as the tiny parish church of Kippin near Stirling (two amazing polychrome pieces by Alfred Gilbert) and Calcutta, where Frampton was commissioned for an imposing memorial to the Empress Victoria.

Alfred Drury's *Circe* looks well outside Leeds City Art Gallery. Paul Montford's symbolic groups decorating the Kelvin Bridge in Glasgow are impressive and Onslow Ford's Shelley Memorial at University College, Oxford, is marvellous.

To return again to the man who outshines them all, two works by Alfred Gilbert should not be missed: The Clarence Memorial at Windsor and the Victoria Memorial in Winchester, both of which present an incredible wealth of sinuous decorative detail.

It makes art historical sense for at least two reasons to call Alfred Gilbert the Donatello of the Victorian period. First, like his Renaissance mentor, he led a return from monumental marble statuary to a concern for intimate study of the human form in the bronze statue. Secondly, Gilbert favoured, like Donatello, the technically complex *cire per-*



Sir Thomas Brock's bronze bust of Lord Leighton (1892).

due (lost wax) method of casting bronze. This resulted in a small edition of bronzes all of which maintained the sensitivity and immediacy of the original clay or wax model by the sculptor.

exhibition of this bronze at the Grosvenor Gallery persuaded the influential president of the Royal Academy, Frederick Leighton, to commission from Gilbert his *Icarus* of 1884.

Perhaps the most distinguished quality of *Icarus* is the expressiveness of the form when looked at from any angle; the youth also has androgynous features, which helped to make the work as popular as it is now.

Sir W. Hamo Thornycroft (1850-1925) was considered by many contemporaries to be almost as pioneering as Gilbert. His early exhibits at the Royal Academy are still attractive to collectors, particularly *Artemis* of 1880, *Tenier* of 1881 and *The Mower* of 1884.

The long-lived Thomas Brock produced many excellent portrait busts and even managed to bring a certain softness to that normally severe Olympian, Lord Leighton.

Almost the only Victorian sculptor of an earlier generation who strikes a modern chord of interest is the sadly neglected Alfred Stevens, whose monument to the Duke of Wellington in St. Paul's Cathedral is one of the masterpieces of English sculpture of all ages.

The massive allegorical supporting groups have a uniquely Victorian elegance. The original two-foot-high models for Truth and Falsehood and Valor and Cowardice were cast in bronze and I and other collectors have always wanted to own one of these cases; I fear they are still lurking in forgotten corners of Victorian country houses.

As yet there are only half a dozen or so serious collectors in England of New Sculpture and the field is wide open to new collectors. However, as many of the bronzes are appealing in a purely decorative sense they are often bought purely for size and decorative value rather than artistic significance and are therefore not always as cheap as might be expected from the limited expert interest.

This was illustrated at a recent sale at Sotheby's, Belgrave, at which a polychrome figure of a knight by the latter and relatively unknown sculptor Gilbert Bayes sold for several thousand pounds against an estimate in the hundreds. However, there are some very good members of the group like Bayes whose work is usually of a high standard and can often be bought for £300-£700.

Those who are not mentioned who are watching for include Allen, William Francis Derwent-Wood, Jenkins, Gosscombe, Jephson, Legros, Bertram, small, Frederick Pomeroy, Reid-Dick, Reynolds, Charles, John MacCallan, Albert Toft and Reginald Farrer.

Apart from my own at 9 Glean Place, Baginbun, the only other available stock of this sort are the Armstrong Gallery, in Arundel Street, Sussex, the Brierley in Somerset and Art Society at 148 St. Street, W1. However other general dealers as specialists in other sculpture (eg the Heir and Cyril Humphries) have pieces in stock. I also a number of private in this field such as Katz and Tony Koch.

Jeremy C

The author is an anti-er.

Good Food

Dark blue appetizers

"Oxbridge" is an expression that is all very well to denote a system of university organization, or simply a state of mind. But if public restaurants are any guide—and not many university people, whether students or dons, nowadays seem inclined to eat all their meals in college—there is no Oxbridge school of cookery. Nor would there be much point in arranging a sauce-bust race between the chefs of Isis and Cam, with the rally of restaurants in the current *Good Food Guide* reading Oxford 10, Cambridge 1.

It has to be conceded that

Oxford has several unfair advantages: a formidable tourist trade, a motor industry whose recent belt-tightening must still leave room for the occasional export lunch, and a catering department in the local Poly whose Brilliant Savarin Society dinners outdo most restaurants in opulence and male chauvinism alike.

It is all very different from the Oxford of a quarter-century ago, when Kenneth Bell's Elizabeth Restaurant had just begun to reintroduce Oxonian to serious eating and drinking, and Chambolle Las Amouresses '37 could be had for 27 shill-

ings. The Elizabeth survives, under Bell's successor Antonio Lopez, but has been overtaken in most critics' esteem by Raymond and Jenny Blanc's Les Quat Saisons, which has had an *enormous* *mirabile* in the restaurant guides. This is a place where you go for a chef, however self-critical, with pressures and expectations mounting simultaneously, and a standing temptation to let prices follow in their train.

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of that name, just south of Magdalen Bridge on the London road. "The waiters have familiar faces," reports a recent visitor, "for they go the rounds in this city." But the food has touches of originality, and a certain consistency, derived perhaps from a well-organized menu that allows the chef, Richard Smeeth, to concentrate on main courses such as his *quenelles de saumon* sauce Nantua (£3.80) and *Côte de boeuf aux trois sauces*, and to prepare cold hors d'oeuvre and sweets at other times of day. A conservative wine-lover spending £11.60 on his Ch Brachy '73 had doubts about the free-hand use of garlic, "from the point of view of a squeamish English stomach which still discerns other tastes", but otherwise content seems general, and bills comfortable to £10 a head.

Philip Wren began his career as an architect, and just as well, for the old building he now occupies, in a street that forms a kind of moat on the western side of the St Ebbe's shopping precinct, needed structural attention to put it mildly. But the result is a good example of the adage that the most pleasing restaurants depend on the least capital. It is broken up into interlocking chambers, and sparsely furnished with cold swans strategically placed as edible decorations.

The sweets, when tried, were not in fact the place's best feature—but no matter, for the cheeses would have graced any restaurant in Oxford, and the owner's advice about which French rarity was at its peak proved sound. John Georgegan's four-course set menu reads invitingly, especially to a fish-lover, and always begins with a tureen of potage. A leek soup, creamy and not too smooth, converted a previously convinced leek-hater, and everything about the course—the tureen on the table, the chaste white china bowls—tends to put the visitor in a good mood that can survive a certain dryness in the rouget en papillote or a certain thickness in the sauce for skewered monk-fish. At a test meal, pot-au-feu de langue de boeuf made an imaginative main course, with confit d'oignons among the side-dishes, and stuffed shoulder of lamb was both pink and tender. Wines are sensibly chosen, and though the whites are listed without vitages, the house

label "Jabberwocky" was less mimsy than might have been expected. A sound young Rhône costs £5 or 40, and at this place too £10 a head is about the minimum.

Chinese and Indian restaurants come and go, in Oxford as elsewhere. None has quite the individuality combined with the economy of the Indonesian Munchy Munchy, already described in this column (March 22). But a recently arrived Chinese place that looks peat and inviting is Tong San in suburban Botley, an offshoot of the Opium Den from the Oxford by-pass (then look for the shopping precinct car park). Dishes approved include salted king prawns in garlic dressing, spare ribs in pepper and garlic, prawns in satay sauce, and for main course perhaps stir-fried beef in garlic and ginger (£1.95), duck in plum sauce, chicken pieces with prawn stuffing (£2.25), or jar jar, a chilli-hot pork dish strongly flavoured with *Leung new fun* ("five fragrances").

At a test lunch, though, toffee apples were denied on the grounds that apples had failed to arrive—we did think the waiters could have interrupted the card game they were playing. At the back of the restaurant long enough to buy a couple at the greengrocer next door.

Details: Les Quat Saisons, 272 Banbury Road, Tel. Oxford (0865) 53540. Closed Sunday; Monday, public holidays; April 8. Must book. Meals: 12.15-2.15, 7.30-11. Table d'hôte Sunday lunch £4.80. A la carte meal with wine about £9.40.

Wrens, 29 Castle Street, Tel. Oxford (0865) 42944. Closed Monday, Saturday lunch. Meals: 12.30, 7-11. Table d'hôte lunch from £3.25; table d'hôte from £7.50. Tong San, 20 St. Clements, West Way, Botley, Tel. Oxford (0865) 48226. Open noon-2.30 (12.30 Sunday), 6-midnight. Table d'hôte from £3.70. A la carte meal about £5. © Times Newspapers Ltd and the Good Food Guide (Consumers' Association and Hodder) 1980.

All costs must rise I know, but sometimes I think I am still living in the age of the half crown farmer's ordinary lunch when I look at the price of plants. If inflation is pinching, as it is for most of us, the answer is to grow more plants from seed—cress, shrubs, herbaceous plants, rock plants and even house plants.

Let us look first at herbaceous plants as these should be sowing in the next few weeks. As I have often remarked, if one wishes to fill an empty border, plant beds in a new garden, or replace some of our herbaceous plants we are tired of, it pays to gang up with one or two friends, buy a collection of seeds and share the cost, the work of raising the young plants and of course, to share out the resulting plants.

It is not generally appreciated that many herbaceous plants reproduce themselves very well from seed.

Of course there are, in some cases, poor forms, unattractive colour shades which will be discarded but with, for example, lupins, delphiniums, geraniums, ornamental poppies, gailardsias, dionysias, dictamnus (the burning bush), erigerons, hollyhocks, physalis and many more the progeny will be very attractive. The *Sidalcea* hybrids in shades of pink and red, *Scabiosa caucasica* and for moist shady positions such perennials as *Pulsatilla* hybrids, and *P. florindae* yellow, are all easily raised from seed. Suttons, I see offer a special mixture of hardy primula species for rock gardens.

Other rock garden plants may be raised from seed include sun roses, available in a mixture of helianthemum species, which are best sown now under glass as indeed are the majority of the plants mentioned above. They do not need much heat, if any at this time of year, and may be sown in a cold frame or under cloches.

The pasque flower *Anemone pulsatilla* of the catalogues but correctly *Pulsatilla vulgaris* is easy to raise from seed and interesting variations in colour from purple to red may occur.

Two perennial dwarf candytufts *Iberis gibraltarica* and *I. sempervirens* are well growing, especially for a rather dry spot as for example on top of a retaining wall. If you like a gamble try sowing a packet of *Erubus alpinus*, a cheerful little rock plant with rosy-mauve flowers. It would only grow for me at Hurdmore in Chichester in an eight foot stone wall. How the seeds got there I never really knew yet I have seen gardens where it is almost a weed in gaps between crazy paving.

Personally I like sowing mixtures of various sorts, and these are best propagated by the best forms vegetatively by cuttings or divisions.

The dwarf pink, a mixture of *Dianthus alpinus* the semi double mixtures of *aubrieta* usually give some real gems worth propagating as do the *Primula dentata* hybrids.

When we come to raising shrubs from seed we are also taking a gamble and it may take much longer to find out if we have produced any winners or merely a number of rather ordinary types. Still, if one is young enough and has a fairly large garden, or if one's children or friends have empty spaces to fill I still think it worth while to raise some shrubs from seed.

"Laurus Excelsa" is sure to give a worth while range of colours and flower size from yellow to cream, pink, apricot and red.

Genistas and cytisus, *Wisteria sinensis*, *camellias* may be grown from seed. So too may many species of *gaultheria*, some of course suitable for pot plants like *E. globularis* and *E. ciliolata* but others such as *E. niphophila* and *E. pauciflora* are good hardy species. If I had the room and needed a good boundary planting, I would raise a batch of the two last named species. Kept trimmed they make a good low screen and the foliage is eagerly bought by florists in the winter.

It is not always realised that many house plants may be raised from seed. Cacti and other succulents are easy to grow and the "living stones" mixture of *Lithops* species from Dobbies is particularly interesting especially for youngsters. These comical little plants have thick oval leaves and resemble the stones they grow among in South Africa. The dwarf date palm *Phoenix roborata*, the white arm lilies *Zantedeschia*

aethiopica, philodendron *erectum*, *Ficus elastica* "the rubber plants" and ferns may all be raised from seed in the home.

The various types of mental asparagus are grown from seed. T. popular is *Asparagus* with long greenish flowers, excellent in a basket. But there are *reperit* which has long shaped fronds and *A. nanus* with flat fronds.

Plants which are in a greenhouse, but will be brought into the do a great when they flower and which may from seed include *Syringa*, the bird of flower, *Streptocarpus*, *P. capensis* with lovely flowers, *Scilla* with white flowers, another interesting, *Primula* in the 9 pomegranate, *Punica* "Nana" with red flowers, small red fruits. The *dicentra* produce gaily fruits in autumn as winter cherry *Solanum castrum*, *Sutroas*, *Dol* and *Thompson* offer a wide selection seeds.

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Fred Emery

The shock and the challenge of Bristol

The Prime Minister and her closest Cabinet colleagues would, but for Bristol, have got away with wishing themselves a Happy Easter recess. Their sudden upturn in political fortune from the near defeat at the Southern East by-election three weeks ago had been a minor miracle. The Budget had been received more warmly, in an opinion poll sample, than Ministers dared hope, even if Mr J. Enoch Powell characteristically pronounced the Chancellor's battle to cut spending already lost.

The end of the steel strike without Government surrender on cash limits was acclaimed a famous victory, however pyrrhic. The refusal of some BL car workers to strike was taken as further heartening evidence of that change in public attitudes towards accepting the reality preached by Sir Keith Joseph and Mrs Thatcher.

The check list of success seemed to get longer the more it was examined. There was the virtual free ride the Government enjoyed from a distracted Opposition when Mr Whitelaw pleaded "rust me" over telephone-tapping-as-usual, and in the further tightening of curbs on secondary industrial action.

Indeed, the Government almost hastily savoured the little it needs to worry about the feeling of trade union leaders these days. At the very moment that Mr Arthur Scargill, enfant terrible of the

miners' flying pickets, was announcing to a Commons committee his never doubted preparedness for martyrdom in defiance of the Employment Bill, the Government was casually tabling its new clause tightening the Bill's curbs.

Some of these successes were the product of chance or parliamentary management carefully designed to divert protest. Under this head might be included the Defence White Paper, the postponement of the EEC summit and even the receding of a Conservative backbench mini-revolt over the reduction, in real terms, of child benefit.

All in all, Conservatives could congratulate themselves that they had escaped the clutches of winter. Sir Keith Joseph might remind anyone listening that "difficult conditions are on the way" but many Conservative MPs—if by no means all ministers—felt they had got the country's measure for the moment. If there was a bit of fuss over cutting payments to the unemployed, well, it was said, the vast majority had jobs, and would not worry. It was too good to last.

The riot of young blacks against the police at Bristol had an immediately shattering effect on most politicians.

This was partly because of true British complacency that it cannot happen here; but mostly because no one at Westminster would have even short-listed Bristol as the potential

powder keg which many, afterwards, said it had long been.

The shock, especially among Conservatives, at the police withdrawal was intense. It reflected that classic Tory commitment to the sanctity of property almost above all else. It was only Mr Whitelaw who dared commend the Avon Chief Constable for emerging without loss of life and serious injury; that, he suggested in the Commons, must go some way to justifying the decision he took.

Had such avoidance of fatality incidentally, been brought off by police to an American city it would have been hailed as a triumph. To my recollection, it has happened there only once, the night the power failed in New York City in 1977, and the police managed to refrain from shooting looters.

Others will analyse the local causes of Bristol problems. But one central political consequence of the eruption of violence could be to strengthen the hand of the Cabinet "wets" as they have been derided. A couple of them last week—and they seem to be a majority inside the Cabinet—confided separately, in dismissing the easy plaudits for the Budget, their intensifying concern for the social consequences of the Government's economic policies.

They thought the next 18 months of the Government's very difficult economic passage would unleash social strains



Rioting in Bristol: a shock for the Government.

which would be bound to force a change of course on the Prime Minister, however obstinate and buoyed up with determination she might now seem. Neither of them guessed which strains might show first; but both worried that there must be a threshold for unemployment which was crossed only at peril; neither, a day before Bristol, mentioned problems with youths in the black community.

Now, admittedly, the straight line cause and effect argument between the Bristol rioters and the unemployment rate is a dubious one. Far more likely is the detonator in the reciprocal hostility between police and black youths. It is no good

ministers pretending "this was not in any sense a race riot" when there is, as Mr Meriyu Rees put it, "particular needle" between West Indian youth and the police. Everyone involved and in touch with community relations knows this to be so, and it is the job of the police to see that it is not exacerbated. Perhaps the too rapid recruitment of new young men and women into the police has not helped. But the persistent and increasing above-average unemployment of black and coloured youth is a fact that successive governments have failed to tackle with sufficient energy. The police ought not to be

Sir Winston Churchill: the unhampered vision

His presence provided the party with an exalted and non-partisan leader who provided it with a broad, protective umbrella

On the afternoon of April 5, 1955, 25 years ago today, Sir Winston Churchill left Buckingham Palace to tender his resignation as Prime Minister. Some have since maintained that Churchill was "saga" or at least hopelessly out of touch during his last years at Number 10. His biographer, Sir Martin Gilbert, saw these years as a "struggle for survival". After three years researching the years 1951-55, however, it is my belief that Churchill has some claim to be thought the most considerable of Britain's post-war prime ministers.

A prime minister makes his impact on public affairs in three main ways, and it is in these that Churchill's contribution during 1951-55 should be judged: as a coordinator of administration and policy, as a party leader and as a leader of the nation.

Churchill was least successful in the first area. However, after some initial grinding the government machine adopted itself to Churchill's unusual style after the clockwork efficiency of Clement Attlee, and worked well under him. There were complaints that he paid insufficient attention to domestic problems, that in defence affairs he preferred his personal predilections to the carefully considered policies of his expert advisers, and that his thoughts on foreign policy were often at variance with those of the Foreign Secretary, Anthony Eden.

But his contribution to domestic policy was far from negligible. Once he had appointed a minister he left him a free hand, in marked contrast to many of his successors, who attempted to over-centralize and over-interpret. He was impartial, backing a minister if he felt it necessary regardless of his personal feelings about him. His presence provided a

stable environment in which ministers were free, untroubled by rivalries, to carry out the pledges outlined in the party manifesto.

The policy of deliberate consultation towards the unions, executed by Sir Walter Monckton at Churchill's express instruction, had much to commend it at the time, building up a solid basis of trust between the unions and the Conservative Party which Churchill's successors could have used as a useful starting point for discussions on union reform.

Under Churchill, the figure for public expenditure as a percentage of gross domestic product actually fell, from 39.4 per cent in 1951 to 35 per cent in 1955, a unique achievement. Much of this saving was due to the final elimination of wartime controls and rationing, a process Churchill did much to boost.

His contribution as party leader was far more significant than that allowed him at the time. Critics belittled his role because he played only a small part in the reformation of party policy during 1945-51, instigated chiefly by Rab Butler, or the restructuring of the party's organization, for which Sir David Maxwell Fyfe and Lord Woolton were mainly responsible. Others felt he lacked the common touch or that they needed a party leader who would perform well on television.

But Churchill's presence provided the party with an exalted and non-partisan leader who



A jaunty Sir Winston leaves No 10 after resigning as Prime Minister in 1955.

provided a broad and protective umbrella under which the party could adapt itself to the

influence, Churchill personally ensured that the representatives of empirical and pragmatic Conservatism continued to hold the senior posts in the party, a position they were to hold for the next 25 years.

Churchill's greatest success came in his role as nation's leader, and it is in this capacity that he rises far above any other post-war prime minister. The job is not just to be the head of an efficient machine, as Clement Attlee and Mr Harold Macmillan often became. Nor is it merely to foster the interests of his own party, an end with which Sir Harold Wilson and Mr James Callaghan all too frequently became preoccupied. He has a greater responsibility: to lead, inspire and unite his countrymen.

In Parliament Churchill was a great unifying force who helped prevent the emergence of personal antipathies between parties and who elevated the ambition in which politics were conducted. He was indeed regarded, to an extent, as above party politics, which accounts for Labour forgetting his occasional gaffes. He pleaded for limits to the extent to which party strife intruded into the scrutiny of national problems, because "it is not really possible to assume that one . . . mass of voters possess all the virtues and all the wisdom, and the other lot are dupes and fools".

His vision was unhampered by the struggle for personal gain which so limited the horizons of his contemporaries. He saw all too clearly the way in-

dividual liberty would be eroded not only in the totalitarian but also in the free countries of the post-war world. He was fully awake to the danger from the Soviet Union, especially after the advent of nuclear weapons, and the need to maintain vigilance defence. Yet, at the same time, he anticipated the utter futility of the Cold War, in material and moral terms, and the consequent need to seek an accord, a partial opening of the iron curtains of distrust, but from a position of strength. The lady was that in his advanced years he lacked the strength to push his plans through to their logical conclusion, as he also failed to fulfil the potential of his early post-war statements on the need to press for greater unity in Europe. This last was his, and the government's, major omission.

Throughout his career, Churchill was an imperfect individual, prone to making mistakes; and this was clearly still the case in his last years in politics. But this should be viewed against his considerable achievement. He could talk from himself without being backed by batteries of specialist advisers whose dazzling intellectual arguments all too often blind them to what is really at issue.

He managed, without fully understanding how, to rise above the dogma of party politics and act not from some ideological preconception but according to the needs of the particular moment. He thereby managed to appeal further than sectional interest, to the nation as a whole, and not just to the mind of the nation but beyond, to its soul. Therein lay his true greatness.

Anthony Seldon

The author's book on the Churchill Government of 1951-55 will be published by Hodder & Stoughton in the autumn.

Letter from Aleppo

T. E. Lawrence & Co. slept here

They smashed the neon lights outside the Hotel Baron this month but the mobs threw nothing at the noble facade of this colonial watering-hole. T. E. Lawrence called it "the beautiful hotel, whose face you must be getting to know" when he wrote home on illustrated writing paper on April Fool's Day, 1914, pleading his poverty.

Perhaps that is why old Armen Mazloumian deducted the price of a Cordon Rouge champagne from the great Englishman's hotel bill, leaving him just over 76 gold francs (about £170) to pay for a four-day stay.

You can still see why Lawrence liked it here: the aristocratic shutters, dressed stone and heavy teak doors with their worn brass handles speak of an earlier, lazier age when guests could take a turn at shooting duck in the gardens opposite.

Not that Lawrence had the money. In 1914 he was complaining bitterly at the cost of a teapot in Aleppo's over-priced souk and hinting to his family that he would like the money to purchase a sugar basin.

The Lawrence bill (including an inexplicable extra bottle of lemonade) stands now in a dusty wooden frame in the sitting room, the earliest account of the Hotel Baron's greatness. For great it undoubtedly was in that literary way that clings to old establishments long after the best guests have left town for the last time.

Cardinals, generals, millionaires, travellers, writers and spies all stayed in the high-ceilinged bedrooms of the Baron and left their mark in spy-glassing upon the leather-bound visitors' book. Fragile

paper evidence that Aleppo was once a cosmopolitan city. The names read like a social and political history of Britain, America and the Middle East. There is Arthur Warchope, British High Commissioner for Palestine, and just beneath him, the author R. V. Merton who once expressed his wish to like Damascus but complained about the tramways. Theodore Roosevelt and Gene Tunney are there.

Mr and Mrs Charles Lindbergh "are entered in the book in the kind of neat, calculated calligraphy of a man who measured altitudes when his life depended on it.

There are diplomatic names like Knatchbull-Hugessen and Leslie Hore-Belisha and some of the cream of European aristocracy: Viscount Dunsford, Prince Pierre de Grece, Doreen Lady Brabourne, Prince Bertil of Sweden and the Earl of Iveagh took their rooms at the Baron and so did Lady Cornwallis in the 1930s "en route", as she chose to inform posterity in the visitors' book, "to the ruins of Palmyra".

For a generation that simply cannot travel south across the border that once marked the frontier of Palestine, it is a rather wistful experience to discover a certain Kathleen R. Rees-Mogg of Stratford-on-Avon boldly declaring herself, in March, 1935, as leaving "for the King David Hotel, Jerusalem".

There are echoes, too, of the gunfire that pushed the Vichy French out of Syria in the Second World War. Generals Slim, Spears, Auchinleck, Templer and Freyberg sternly autographed the book, the latter adding "GOC New Zealand Ex-

peditionary Force", lest anyone should forget. More sinister figures appear just before them on the same page. There is Luftwaffe General Felmy, for example, who announced his provenance as Rhodes but placed a suspicious questionmark in the "destination" column. (He was in fact going to Baghdad to arrange the transit of Hitler's air force from Greece to Iraq.) Then there is the mysterious Dr Crobb, the German factor who organized the anti-British rebellion of Rashid Ali Qailani in Iraq during the war.

Down the page, you can find Cardinal Spellman, industriously trying to arrange a truce between the Western allies and the Nazis in a city which must have been as exotic in its intrigue as Calablanca ever was for Humphrey Bogart. A clutch of Vichy officials wash in and out of the book until the page suddenly fills up with young British lieutenants with double-barrelled names. For just one night, the Polish General Sikorski stayed here, though no one remembers why.

Though no murders are recorded at the Hotel Baron, the Orient Express used to roll into Aleppo (the train divided here for Beirut and Baghdad) and the inevitability of finding Agatha Christie's name in the visitors' book—for she is indeed there—is worthy of any fictional denouement.

And there is a happy codicil to Lindbergh's entry in the visitor's book penned in the book by Yuri Gagarin and Valentina Tereshkova, two of the Soviet Union's most famous space travellers.

Old Armen Mazloumian did

12 years ago, and the hotel passed to his son Krikor, who is himself now aged 70. A bald man with an impeccable English accent and an English wife, Krikor is arguably Aleppo's most formidable Armenian, a maître d'hôtel of enormous generosity who is accompanied everywhere by Caesar and Calpurnia, two large and restless British-born labradors that ceaselessly fight each other in the hotel lobby.

A few years ago, the Syrian Baath Party took over the Baron and Mr Mazloumian now holds the official status of tenant. He still effectively oversees the running of the place but admits that cooks are hard to come by and that things are not what they were. It is the sort of hotel where temps come off in your hand and where flame-thrower cooking sometimes does little for the coast chicken.

But the memories have not gone. Mr Mazloumian was for years a friend of David Rockefeller (though the barman refused to believe he was David Rockefeller) and Joyce Grenfell often came to stay in the post-war years.

Mr Mazloumian still has President Assad's appreciation of the Baron, a long script in green ink in which the Syrian leader thanked his "brother workers" for remaining awake all night during his stay. The Assad entry in the visitors' book used to grace the sitting-room showcase but, things being what they are in Aleppo just now, it has been temporarily removed.

Robert Fisk

The Church of England has always run the risk of being a pale religious reflection of English society. That has never completely happened but at present the Church is almost as insular, insecure and distrustful of the outside world as the rest of the nation. That frightens me because it is a denial of the catholicity, the universality of the Church. Those whose horizons are ecumenical—and that word means world-wide—feel increasingly isolated.

The great majority of the clergy are reluctant to sail the C of E barque into the stormy waters of a disturbing world. Why? Because, they would argue, that is the last thing the people in their pews want. But they tend to want it even less. Many of the bishops recognize the problem but only a handful are in any mood to order a flotilla out to sea. Anyway, Anglicans don't take kindly to orders from anyone.

Like the great Bishop Bell in the 30s and 40s, today's church leaders (and I don't just mean bishops) have little faith but to faintly pray, praying that at least some will take courage and follow. While there is to call for a new authoritative morality, there is a deep need for leadership with moral authority.

Before and after the Second World War the English Church was taken seriously around the world. Today only vestiges of the former high expectations remain. Over a generation our Church in terms of people, ideas and money has steadily declined. Successful archiepiscopal journeys notwithstanding, we have been without any coherent foreign policy, ecclesiastical or political, for a long time. We are unsure of our place beyond our shores and more recently even within world Anglicanism.

Why Anglicans must widen their horizons

I say we because I write not as an outside observer but as a loyal (though critical) parish priest who clings to a belief in our Church's potential importance to the whole ecumenical movement. The Anglican ethos with its remarkable blending of tradition and freedom, of order and tolerance, of dogma and social insights to share which others would welcome if we were also open to their insights.

But that is threatening. To minimize risks few churchmen even bother to learn other people's languages. Foreign travel (except to the coral-reef-islands-everything) is increasingly regarded as an unnecessary expense, a somewhat self-indulgent pastime for ecclesiastics and Third-World-First-enthusiasts who unhelpfully keep insisting that the proverb "charity begins at home" is nowhere to be found in Holy Scripture.

Of course that is not the whole truth. As an oft-absent London vicar described by the BBC's Gerald Priestland as probably the General Synod's most international member, I enjoy the loyal support of my parishioners, of many colleagues and of many other people at all levels of the Church. But a good many even of them seem almost relieved to be able to leave that part of the Church's ministry to a handful of people.

It remains true (not only in England, of course) that to

Five years ago I wrote a piece in this newspaper about the Boat Race. At least it was about my own reactions to the Boat Race. When a small boy living in the East End of London, where to everyone the race was one of the important events of the year, I had been passionately pro-Cambridge, or Kimbridge as we customarily expressed it.

This was convenient, since Cambridge always won. Then I went to the place we had known as Oxford and changed sides, which was in this aspect inconvenient since Cambridge still nearly always won. In my time at Oxford (and my elder sons tell me it was much the same in theirs) it was customary to deride the Boat Race as something only the populace cared about. (The real reason was that we kept losing.)

The rugged match, now, that was the thing! (We often won that). In 1975, I wrote—well, nearly, it was the sub-editor's heading and it is unfair to expect sub-editors, with all their other troubles, to read what I wrote. After a long apprenticeship in defeat I find it difficult to believe Oxford men can row.

Look here, upon this picture, and on this, if Oxford were to win today it would be their fifth in a row and their sixth out of seven. To find five Oxford consecutive wins you have to go back to 1909-13. In the first four of those years they were stroked by the captain, Mr E. Bourne of Eton and New College. His father had rowed in a winning Oxford crew and his son was to do so.

Two of Bourne's races are remembered for reasons other than the rowing. In 1912 there was an outcry because the race took place on Holy Week and the Bishop of London permitted it only on condition that there were to be no celebrations afterwards (it was still the time when Boat Race Night was a jamboree).

In 1912 both boats sank. At least Cambridge sank and Oxford, well ahead, had to pull into the bank and empty out again. Then the umpire came up and declared "No Race, No Race". Bourne was not pleased and continued to row. "What are you doing, Oxford? Where are you going? Didn't you understand that I have declared 'No Race'?" "We are going to Mortlake", Bourne shouted back, adding after a pause, "because our clothes are there". It was as well that Oxford won the re-row.

Oxford went ahead on the number of victories at that time but Cambridge put their right with their record run from 1924 to 1936. The following year was the first that I had experienced a Cambridge defeat, but Cambridge have continued to have the better of things. Oxford have won only 17 times since the First World War and I see that Geoffrey Fosse has worked out that in the period Cambridge led by 1965 lengths to 591.



A practice row for the Cambridge crew.

Sportsview

Five in a row for Oxford?

For many years even a class Oxford crew would assailed by doubts, how hidden, and no Cambridge crew, even if aware of limitations, really expected to lose.

Oxford have certainly some luck on the Tideway recent years, notably last when the Cambridge at last withdrew on the day of the race. At the time, the thought occurred to me: are just the circumstances when Oxford will throw away. But they did not tally of wins had helped.

There has also Topolski's coaching, but I not draw myself into even vaguest discussion of the nique of rowing. The es of the Boat Race is still a mystery. The real reason was that we kept losing.)

The report itself began "CAMBRIDGE WIT BOAT RACE Tense struggle". The Boat Race of 1 how History and Cam are the winners. They like winning more time but could be much ahead. Even at wick, Oxford still chance and Holdswor! it, but Cambridge cit magnificently to win! lengths. I can't fairly win rowing, I I but Oxford rowed the for years, so nearly e in Class Four has son to be pleased about."

I bet they had, because Four (aged 10) were wheeling Cambridge, pardon, Kimbridge, what a succession of for you. "As high as we have m in de de as In our dejection do r as —no, not The Farmer but the uncle of Wordsworth, Charles, and Christ Church, Bish Andrew's), was the man at least from the side—had most to d starting the Boat Race, had already started the sly cricket match. If Cambridge man I was particularly anxious for this year.

Alan G

the missionary societies lively but struggling d ment lobby. Religious North America are alu to chance.

The Church of Engle nothing half as prosaic as the Catholic rule of International R or even that Church's tamer Justice and Peac mission. Church Hous have a low profile Intern Affairs Committee (at looking for a secretary) sensibly enough, most churches' experts in affairs are to be found British Council of Cl Division of Intern Affairs and its advisee mites. In their contex is now also a new ch Human Rights Forum.

The new Archbishop, predecessors, will be the president. Already depl mitted to good relation the Eastern Orthodox Ch Dr Runcie will also a find ways to enable the of England to honour its to contribute more cre to the work of the Worl cil of Churches. And t always the Vatican. All drawing Anglican and et cal strands together, ordaining the available resources in a Church prides itself on not being litic will not be easy.

If, in search of bread, hungry, justice for the d, freedom for the p ed, peace for the war and God's divisive yet Eb Word for all. Dr Runcie pared to launch his Chur the deep, some will take and stay on dry land. I have no doubt, will be to form a competent an ing crew.

Paul Gestr

The author is secretary British Council of Ch East-West Relations At Committee.



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RST AND LAST THINGS

the culmination of passion and death in his action from the dead: a re-creating of the world, all other days in the year these few days in attentive mind to communion of spiritual mysteries of God.

In the middle of Holy Week is riot erupted in a con- decayed and largely habited quarter in the f the city of Bristol. Of its breaking the surface ty this is the type which eremprarily recalls the n to his social duty: to s weight behind collect s is political, addition to the conditions, attendes lect from which such con-

Things and the world s, the spiritual life and nds of human fellowship, re poles of attraction, in this way and that the Christian centuries, e not mutually exclusive ves but they invite dif- of emphasis and The duality assumes des—faith and works, an church and an official the contemplative and re life, worship and mis- be spiritual and the works of mercy. In the age, the distribution of is on the axis between is a more informative tion than their assign- churches, denominations

ing the ecclesiastical large, one is led to con- at the climax the world in the Christian—bet- e claims his duty to his makes—have the and at present. That cy is seen most vividly. Liberation theologues urish in Latin America, a, with their doctrine ssential aspect of Ch- ration (though not the count) is liberation from and economic op-

scendancy also takes comfortable forms, like the endorsement of the mensu, the ideology of ights, by leading church- r home. It is nicely ed by Dr Edward in a comment on the ment of the Church of "The state is, in effect,

FIDENCES, LEAKS AND SOURCES

an got short shrift in- gment of Sir Robert in the Chancery Division g Court on Wednesday. tab Steel Corporation bying for an order that the television disclose the f the confidential docu- cerning the running of yporation which it d before its viewers at d moment in the steel The documents were which BSC had copyright ncerning which its owed a duty of con- BSC were in court to e the origin of the leak e more watertight in More than one prima must have envied its Granada was there to its source, for his/her s own. bert reassured the post- at journalists, have n privilege against dis- their source of informa- court of law. Few s indeed would claim air professional rule take automatic prece- ver the requirement of that relevant evidence be available. re-practice, "which might ened into a rule of law", the interlocutory stage s would normally not be f to disclose their sources mation, extend to the the action? No. Did nt have a discretion to relevant evidence? Sir was doubtful. But if it

ock in Cyprus

ur leading article today 31) on Cyprus has missed believe to be the most im- problem concerning the o the Turkish Cypriot popu- day. That problem is their security. d years, between the end of d the Samson coup of July Turkish Cypriots suffered ponous harassment by yporation, which included the over 100 villages in the behind the Turkish troops, a secure and no longer have their guard against attacks e Greek Cypriots. Unless a tory solution can be found, ly enable them to continue secure after the Turkish s are withdrawn, they will not this security. No, or the EEC or a Bri- ticism pact, or guarantee hem the continuance of the y they enjoy today?

of Lords.

th risks from lead

Mr Brian Price and Ashby (April 2) raises ed of important points con- y both the role of pressure and the function of scientists

at the present time lending the support of its authority to an unrepresentative body of religious officials who echo opinions it could otherwise elicit from a perusal of the quality press." He finds lacking, and he is not alone, a characteristically religious basis to the pronouncements of the spokesmen of religion.

Dante offered what is perhaps the most clear-cut of all theories which insist upon a distinction between the political and religious functions, practitioners of each sticking to their last. For him there were two monarchies, the imperial and the papal, the one divinely charged with ordering civil society, the other with shepherding souls heavenward. Each derived his commission directly from God independently of the other.

Their responsibilities correspond in Dante's scheme of things to man's intermediate place between the perishable and imperishable, of both of which he partakes by virtue of his dual nature of body and soul. Thereby two aims are set for him: happiness in this life and blessedness in the next. It is for the emperor to organize the one and the pope the other, since men would achieve neither aim if left to themselves.

The emperor, standing upon Aristotle, leads his people by the light of philosophy to the full development and exercise of their rational faculty, which is happiness. The pope, standing upon revelation, shepherds his flock to spirituality and ultimately to the presence of God.

It followed, among other things, that the church was of its nature disqualified from holding property except as temporary trustee for the poor. It also followed that the Donation of Constantine, the emperor's temporal legacy to the pope, then generally believed to be historical, was *ultra vires* and void.

All this being derogatory of papal pretensions, the book in which Dante developed it was condemned as heretical not long after his death. But there is a more serious objection to it than that. No one can read the Gospels or even St Paul's Epistles without noticing that, as well as, and essentially connected with, their proclamation of the Kingdom of God, of salvation and of eternal life they contain urgent teaching about conduct in this life and man's relation to man. Dante

makes a demarcation which the Scriptures do not make. He was able to do so because of his confidence, which is not now easy to share, that right reason arrives by its own light at the Christian ethical position.

The sphere Dante allots to the emperor is the legitimate concern of the guardians of religion also. Worldly ambition is not the only motive for a pope or a preacher to invade the preserve of the civil magistrate—though when he does, it is well for everybody's sake if he pulls up short of Calvin's Geneva, where the clergy, not content with a claim to influence the magistracy, assumed a share of its authority.

The Church of England by law established in the reign of Queen Elizabeth II is a far cry from Dante's vision or the theocratic polity of Geneva. But the duality in the Christian system, which propelled those great men to extremes, affects this church, too.

"The Church of England", Bishop Hensley Henson wrote, "is a national institution, but it is also a spiritual society... its functioning as a national institution may or may not assist fulfilment of the higher obligations implicit in its spiritual character". A certain ambiguity qualifies the identity of any church, for the Christian religion is itself amphibious, being very much of the natural world while having its source and destination in the world of the spirit.

The Archbishop of Canterbury implied in his enthronement sermon that his own answer to Hensley Henson's "may or may not" would be that the national institution may very well impede the spiritual society. He even expressed some grateful embarrassment at the magnificence of the ceremony of which he was the focus. The African enthronement which he was soon to attend might "prove more eloquent about the uncluttered way in which the church should live now, about the unpretentious character of real Christian authority".

Today's hungry sheep looking up to be fed, though having something to say no doubt about the standard of living of the shepherd, are likely to be more interested in the fodder on offer. The hunger which causes men to look to the church, among so many and varied authorities, agencies, experts and causes, is the hunger for spiritual nourishment.

was impelled by the profit

motive and consciousness of mere newsworthiness. The judge hardly seemed to distinguish between the role the press properly plays in the democratic process and its undoubted shortcomings. There was no recognition that, quite apart from exposure of wrongdoing, the press including broadcast journalism has a (self-imposed) duty to inform its readers of what public men and bodies are doing in the people's name and at their expense. If the duty is to be carried beyond handouts, journalists need access to sources of confidential information. If they can be easily compelled to divulge the identity of their sources they will not be able to do their job effectively.

This case is still on the way up, via, presumably, Lord Denning. If the higher court endorses the full rights of Sir Robert Megarry's judgment, the nation will have a less penetrating, and in that sense, less free press. However it turns out, journalists should heed what was said in the course of the Chancery judgment. Sir Robert Megarry has some cause for the opinion in which he holds the press and broadcast journalism. Where a discretion has to be exercised, as it ought to be exercised in the question of compelling disclosure of sources of information for the purpose of legal proceedings, the press by its general conduct has to earn, or at least not forfeit, the right to favourable consideration.

In the lead pollution debate. His implicit accusation that pressure groups have lied and distorted the truth when using scientific facts is unworthy of someone who has done so much to improve the quality of our environment. I know of no reputable group opposed to leaded petrol that has deliberately used scientific data in this manner and it has certainly been the policy of Friends of the Earth to steer as accurately a course as possible through the mine of argument and counter-argument which this subject has engendered.

The function of scientific workers is to determine and present the facts of the matter as best they can, and for this they deserve our thanks. Controversy arises, however, when the truth is not in black and white (a frequent occurrence) and when the question becomes one of interpretation rather than one of absolute truth.

The Lawther report on Lead and Health, has collected a wealth of important data and presented it in a convenient and accessible form. This is most welcome, but less welcome is the authors' interpretation of the evidence relating to lead and the mental health of young children. Much of this section is concerned with a discussion of blood lead levels, not these are notoriously unreliable indicators of long-term lead exposure. Professor Needleman's work on tooth lead, which indicates that as many as 20 per

cent of urban children may be suffering significant lead-induced mental impairment, cuts across this evidence yet is treated unjustifiably cautiously by the report's authors. This is despite the fact that no serious flaws have been found in Needleman's work in the 14 months since it was published—and not for want of trying by those who stand to lose by its acceptance. A further flaw in the report is its assessment of the contribution of airborne lead to total lead uptake. By concentrating on inhaled lead particles, the authors take insufficient account of the fallout of lead dust on to cooking surfaces, utensils and food in urban homes. This makes up part of the lead burden derived from food but its origin, vehicle emissions, is masked. Clearly, we cannot but agree that remedial action must be taken to reduce lead exposure from water, paint and food. But we believe that the role of motor vehicle lead emissions has been underplayed by the report and that the situation is worse than the authors assert. Other countries in Europe and elsewhere have greatly reduced or banned lead additives to petrol. We owe it to our children to do the same. Yours faithfully, BRIAN PRICE, Pollution Consultant to Friends of the Earth Ltd, Central Hall, Old Market Street, Bristol. April 2.

The San Salvador shooting

From Mr Peter Bottomley, MP for Greenwich, Woolwich West (Conservative) and others

Sir, The report in *The Times* today (April 3) suggested that Mr Robert White, the United States Ambassador in El Salvador, supports in full the Salvadoran Government's version of last Sunday's tragic events at the funeral of Archbishop Romero in San Salvador.

On at least three matters of fact (not mentioned in your report) we can state categorically that the Salvadoran Junta's statement is completely false.

Their communiqué issued on the Sunday afternoon states that the panic and deaths followed an attempt by leftist groups to snatch the coffin of Archbishop Romero. As eyewitnesses within six feet of the coffin at the top of the cathedral steps and with an uninterrupted view of the cathedral square we testify that this assertion is false.

The communiqué bluntly stated that bishops and foreign visitors were detained in the cathedral by "extremists". We ourselves made many individual excursions into the square and side streets outside the cathedral in the two hours following the first bomb and shot fire.

The crowd remained inside for fear of being shot by security forces on the cathedral steps as happened last year under the lenses of the world's television cameras.

The Government statement claims that there was no public funeral (security forces) in the city until 5.30 pm. This is not true. We saw troops with machine guns patrolling the streets as we left the cathedral between 2 and 2.30 pm and we had seen firing from the National Palace into the square. Many of our fellow visitors saw uniformed National Guardsmen inside the palace which houses the Ministry of Defence.

Foreign bishops at the funeral spelled all this out in their statement on that Sunday evening in San Salvador. It is important that the apparently uncritical acceptance of the Salvadoran Government's version of events should be corrected at the first opportunity.

Yours faithfully, PETER BOTTOMLEY, JULIAN FILOCROWSKI, Catholic Institute of International Relations, JAMES O'BRIEN, Auxiliary Bishop of Westminster, London. April 3.

Payment to strikers

From Mr Michael Ivens Sir, Like some other organisations, we recommended to Mr James Prior that transport should be held responsible for making a contribution towards the payment to strikers and their families. We are pleased that the Government has done something—but regretful it does not go far enough. A payment of £12 million a week by the unions is far too small.

In West Germany, for example, the unions pay 75 per cent of workers' average earnings for six weeks. Unofficial strikers receive no money from the union or the government. In France, West Germany or Italy a worker could not be held responsible during the strike period. It is important that the Government closes up this loophole.

In the United States, the American Federation of Labour have quite frankly stated that they would never lose strikes if they worked on the British system.

We shall hear interminably from Mr Len Murray of the inequity of the new legislation, so perhaps he could spare the time to explain why the British are so different from the rest of the world, and why it is that the majority of the British public just do not agree with him. Yours faithfully, MICHAEL IVENS, Director, Aims of Industry, 40 Doughty Street, WC1.

Education in London

From Sir James Swaffield Sir, Your Education Correspondent's report on March 22 suggested that proposals before the Secretary of State for the responsibilities of the LEA to be returned to the inner London borough councils. The fact is that inner London has always had an integrated education service and that the responsibilities at present entrusted to the LEA have never been carried out by the inner London borough councils or the metropolitan borough councils before them. Accordingly, no question arises of whether functions should be returned to the boroughs. Yours faithfully, J. C. SWAFFIELD, Clerk to the Inner London Education Authority, The County Hall, SE1. April 2.

Aims of Palestinians

From Mr M. Hassack Sir, Mr Nobil Ramlawi writes to your paper today (March 27) to say that he is authorised to reject unequivocally the statements accredited to Yasser Arafat in a Venezuelan newspaper interview, as they had been translated from Arabic to Spanish, and then to English.

For those of us who cannot speak Arabic, perhaps the London representative of the PLO could now give us a definitive translation from the original to English, so that we can know what Mr Arafat actually did say. We would then be in a position to gauge whether it is he or Dr Everett Jacoby who should be accused of "mischievous tactics". Yours faithfully, MARTIN HASSECK, 104 Holders Hill Road, NW4.

Correction

In the leading article on Portugal on Thursday the reference to President Eanes should have read: "President Eanes, who made it clear during the election campaign that he was opposed to the Democratic Alliance".

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Rebuilding war-shattered Indo-China

From Mr Donald Southall

Sir, The appalling suffering of the people of Indochina (Kampuchea, Laos and Vietnam) has dramatically shown that if peace, stability and prosperity are to be created in that area, a substantial effort of international cooperation and reconstruction is required. The responsibility of the rich and industrialised nations seems to have led to the devastation of Indochina. The least we can do is to help to reconstruct the area.

The problems of Indochina may be similar in some respects to those of Europe after the Second World War. Then the United States generously gave 2 per cent of its gross national product to initiate the Marshall Plan. This statesman-like act probably laid the foundations of the restoration of Western Europe.

It should be possible today, given the necessary political will and commitment, for the international community to find the funds to launch a similar reconstruction plan in consultation with the peoples of Indochina based on their needs and aspirations.

The report recently published by the Brandt Commission has emphasised the interdependence between rich and poor nations. At a time of world recession the poor nations need to be able to buy the goods and services which the rich can provide. A reconstruction plan for Indochina would give an opportunity for implementing the global recommendations of the Brandt Commission on a regional basis.

If a durable peace in Indochina is to be assured, the political situation also needs attention. In this connexion it might be helpful if the 1954 Geneva Conference, or a similar international conference, were to be convened to help guarantee the independence of the countries of Indochina and their freedom from outside interference.

The tragic events in Indochina in recent years—the starvation, the torture, the induced starvation, the plight of the refugees—provide a challenge to the international community not only to redeem the past, but to help restore faith and hope to the peoples of

the area by helping them rebuild their war-torn countries and shattered economies and ensuring a lasting peace. Yours faithfully, DONALD H. D. SOUTHALL, Chairman, Quaker Peace and Service, Friendon Road, NW1.

From Mr John Montagu

Sir, The broad message of your leading article on Kampuchea (March 29) was depressing; the West has little political or diplomatic influence in Indochina, and it is now ASEAN's responsibility to make it up with Vietnam.

I do not believe it. If the West wanted to make an issue of Indochina it could do so; but it chooses not to. ASEAN's recent reminder to EEC foreign ministers, that to some people Indochina was an even more serious issue than Afghanistan, seems to have fallen on deaf ears, here as well as in Brussels.

The need in Kampuchea remains as desperate as ever. The winter harvest is almost gone. Part of the dockside in Phnom Penh has collapsed and no one can think of an alternative supply route. Yet, one way or another, enough food and seed must be imported by July to avoid a ghastly repeat of 1979. The voluntary, church and other agencies on the spot do what little they can. But now some UN bodies and supporting governments, unbelievably, are pleading a cash shortage.

This is not just South East Asia's problem at last year. It is the world's problem now. And we can't simply pin it all to Pol Pot. Jumping Jacks left over from the US-Vietnam War are still exploding in rice fields all the way up the Mekong into Laos. We have to prove that we care about the future of this "faraway" region. Whatever it takes, a big effort must somehow be made to upgrade the issue of Indochina and, at the very least, to map before it fades altogether.

Yours, JOHN MONTAGU, Christian Aid, 240-250 Finsbury Road, Brighton, SW9.

Transport investment

From Mr T. L. Beagley

Sir, The letters on Transport in London from Mr Townsend and Mr Bottomley (March 21) and the chairman of London Transport (March 13) present two aspects of a single problem: how much of our resources should we devote to transport investment?

Mr Bennett produces figures to show how badly our transport expenditure in London compares with that in comparable cities on the Continent. British Rail could, provide the equally disturbing figures for the rail side. The British Road Federation have recently shown how far our road network is falling behind our Continental neighbours, 1,650 miles of motorway compared with 2,900 miles in France and 4,400 in Germany. We still have no motorway link to our main port for the Continent, Dover.

The reasons are not hard to find. So much of the expenditure is in the public sector competing with more immediately appealing programmes in education, health and housing. It often takes so long to show productive results which makes it unattractive. The economic rate of return is difficult to assess accurately, particularly for urban road schemes and projects for the replacement of bus services. Passenger transport particularly so much depends on cost benefit assessments and the benefit side of the equation can be fraught with uncertainty. (The London traveller

owes a great debt of gratitude to Professor Foster for his imaginative cost benefit assessment in the 1960s of the Victoria Line: many of the elements were uncertain, but surely it has proved itself in the outcome?) What the transport side tend to weaken our case by the arguments, between the modes, but it is evident that other industrial countries have taken a different view about the priority for transport investment.

It is a difficult time to tackle this pressing national issue when cuts in public expenditure are the order of the day, but what is badly needed is a forward investment programme for transport covering the next 10 years and looking forward to the end of the century. We hope that the Minister's forthcoming White Paper on roads may be a constructive contribution to this and a decision on railway electrification is equally relevant. It is important that the programme should cover not only investment but also research and development, for example related to energy, people transport. This long-term approach would help to convince British industry and the travelling public that we really mean business about transport efficiency. It would also encourage the EEC to provide infrastructure funds.

I am, Sir, Your obedient servant, T. L. BEAGLEY, The Chartered Institute of Transport, 80 Portland Place, W1.

Arsonists in Wales

From Sir David Llewellyn

Sir, It is said that Mr Gwynfor Evans (April 1) does not devote one line of his letter to condemning the burning of other people's houses. I wonder how his reaction would be the same if his own house were destroyed by someone who dislikes the deluge of programmes in Welsh, inflicted on the great majority of Welshmen whose mother tongue is English.

I wonder too how he reconciles his refusal to pay for a TV licence with his complaint that Wales is not to have a Fourth Channel in Welsh. To weaken the BBC's financial capacity to cater for minority languages is a wicked act of sabotage, in, at best, inconsistent.

His indignation at not being prosecuted may appear to be politically immature as showing a proper demand for martyrdom, if on the cheap. In the eyes of most Welshmen, however, it is a particularly mean way of passing a financial burden to his fellow countrymen, many of whom find it hard to pay the fee.

Many years of public life in Wales, taught me that those who shout loudest about their love of country do not necessarily care the most, still less deserve to wear a martyr's crown.

Three times I had the honour to be standard-bearer for the Conservative Party in the heart of the

Welsh capital, denouncing Welsh nationalism and its twin racismism—to the distaste of members of all parties who crawled in those gufars for votes. Nor once did Plaid Cymru dare to put up a candidate against me though on several occasions I was threatened on the telephone with death by cowards calling themselves nationalists.

I held the view—and still hold it—that apart from a few misguided romantics and a handful of Ministers seeking an alternative audience to the pens they have emptied, such men are inspired in the main by a wish to gain on the swings of nationalism what they have lost—or fear to lose—on the roundabouts of their careers. Where talent has failed, bilingualism, they hope, would bustle their bread, at the expense of the majority, not least on TV.

If Mr Gwynfor Evans and his thousand men wish to earn money, let them teach their own TV sets which cause them such offence. That at least would be nobler than burning other people's homes, some owned by Welshmen who wish to have a stake in their own native land and a home of their own for their old age.

Yours etc, DAVID LLEWELLYN, The Old Rectory, Yatton, near Newbury, Berkshire. April 1.

Cuts in BBC music

From Mr James Loughran

Sir, If the present economic crisis within the BBC is forcing them to take a political gamble, as far as the BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra is concerned it is a very cruel one, for I witnessed in real terms the stress undergone by my colleagues and their families when this same orchestra was threatened a few years ago. What I cannot understand is why the administration of the BBC has failed to prevent a similar crisis recurring when they have had over 10 years to find a solution to the problems.

Much has been written by many distinguished people about the service of this orchestra. It is, in fact, unique in the way it helps to develop our musical heritage. For six years I was Principal Conductor of this devoted group of musicians, and helped composers, conductors, singers and instrumentalists launch

their careers before a large and sympathetic listening public.

There is no alternative to the BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra. It is the only radio symphony orchestra in Scotland, and its role is different from other symphony orchestras who play nightly before a limited audience. Without them much of the rare and unknown would not have been heard, developed or promoted. It raises the question as to whether these latest proposed cuts are not in fact the thin edge of the wedge for the finest radio services in the world.

Constructive solutions are much more difficult to advance than letters of complaint and censure, and it is clear that a Commission should be set up to appreciate the BBC's financial dilemma.

Yours faithfully, JAMES LOUGHRAN, Principal Conductor, Hallé Orchestra, 30 Cross Street, Manchester.

Sale of public art collections

From Mr Peter Last

Sir, The intention of the University of Glasgow to sell its studio collection of Whistler paintings and studies will give a very unfortunate example to the many public authorities in this country who have significant art collections. The majority of art collections in public hands are owned and managed by the local authorities in this country and at the moment those local authorities are under considerable financial pressure. Some would argue that those pressures are at least equal to the financial pressures upon the University of Glasgow.

Nevertheless almost without exception the local authorities have resisted the temptation to sell off their art collections whether those art collections are on public exhibition or simply stored in reserve collections. The pressure, however, to sell art collections is still there and is unlikely to go away. Those of us who are resisting these pressures argue that the selling off of a local authority's art collection, if only in its smallest part, will inevitably discourage any potential donors to public collections. It can also be argued that some items in the reserve collection, which appear today to be of little value, and whose sale would therefore be of little consequence, may in future years, when tastes change, become significant items within the collection. One has only to look at the value that has been attributed to the paintings of Lord Leighton over the years.

My own authority is responsible for the Walker Art Gallery and recently the trustees of the Lady Lever Art Gallery at Bebington handed over to my authority the whole of the Lady Lever collection and the gallery itself. There is little doubt that this magnificent collection, some of which is shortly to go on display at the Royal Academy, would not have been given to my authority if there had been the slightest suspicion from our previous record or declared intentions of a willingness to sell off any part of our present collections.

I very much hope that ways will be found to enable the Whistler collection to remain in Glasgow and to be properly displayed for the benefit of the people of this country. It would be a tragic loss if this quite unique collection of Whistler's work were lost to this country and if such a sale were to preclude the sale of other public collections. Yours faithfully, PETER LAST, Chairman of the Arts Committee, Merseyside County Council, Metropolitan House, Old Hall Street, Liverpool. March 31.

Consumer representation

From Mr J. Lytle

Sir, According to your report today (March 31) Mrs Oppenheim, Minister for Consumer Affairs, has told the National Consumer Council that the voice of the consumer should carry at least as much weight in the councils of government as that of organised labour. Shirley Williams, the responsible Minister five years ago, took a substantial step in that direction by securing a seat on the National Economic Development Council for the Chairman of the NCC.

But Mrs Oppenheim is also "determined to keep politics out of consumer affairs". Could someone tell me how the voice is to carry weight—or even be heard at all—if politics are taboo? I had thought that Mrs Oppenheim was a politician, but perhaps she has an idiosyncratic definition of politics. Yours faithfully, JOHN LITTLE, The Basement, 13 Aldebert Terrace, SW8. March 31.

Theatre booking

From Mr Graham Noble

Sir, Is there a conspiracy to keep the public out of West End theatres? I refer to the woefully inadequate booking facilities: often one overworks one's brain dodging back between the telephone, an ashtray and a ridiculously small window giving on to an increasingly impatient queue; in most cases, not even the tiniest shelf on which to rest one's cheque book.

As one who prefers to book in person, I had the impression that telephone callers were given priority. Having tried to book by telephone last week—it took me three hours and 16 engaged tones before I got through—I now know that there is little to be gained by that method.

Yours, GRAHAM NOBLE, 4 Park Avenue, Clichingham, Kent.

Jesse Owens

From Miss Marjorie Pollard

Sir, At the Olympic Games of 1936 in Berlin, I was privileged to hear a conversation between Jesse Owens (BBC commentator) and Jesse Owens, relaxed as always, soon after he had won his four gold medals.

This was no formal recorded interview, it was a friendly conversation between two friendly people. Mr Woodruff said "Jesse, how ever do you like it?" and as a great grin spread over his face, a gentle, soft voice replied "Oh—Ah just likes running races".

One of the great moments, for me, in a long games-playing life. Yours faithfully, MARJORIE POLLARD, The Deanery, Bampton, Oxfordshire. April 2.

From Mr C. F. Elias

Sir, The recent death of Jesse Owens is a reminder that he did more for his cause by going to the Olympic Games than he would ever have done by staying away.

Yours faithfully, C. F. ELLIAS, 4 Ashburn Road, West Kirby. April 1.

PERSONAL INVESTMENT AND FINANCE

Around the world in 80 days for £594

A round-the-world trip is as glamorous a prospect as ever, for what the aircraft has done to shrink the world, members of the organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries have done to expand it. Or have they?

In fact, it need not cost as much as you think—although it can cost as much as you care to spend—to make that trip. Some people can scrape up six weeks of holiday these days and despite inflation—and in the case of civil servants because of it—there are others who on retirement have both the time and a nest-egg to finance a once-in-a-lifetime adventure.

What, then, is an offer to help you to get round the world as safely, comfortably and economically as your time and money allow?

I must say I am not wild about boats myself. I know I would just lie around too much over-eating and over-drinking, but after all, there are people who like that kind of holiday. And the phrase "round the world" does seem rather to beg the addition of the word "cruise".

We all know there are a number of "hell-ships" about disguised as luxury cruise liners. If I had time and money I would probably act on impulse, which means spur-of-the-moment, phone calls, to both the market leaders.

P & O's Canberra does not leave on her next two-month round-the-world cruise until January 8 next (in fact, she sets back to Southampton from her present cruise in a week's time).

Card's QE2 leaves New York next January 12, returning on April 2 to Southampton. They are both taking bookings now.

Even if you could spare the time and the money, it all seems a bit far off, and anticipation the better part of cruising?

For £5,240 you would get a first-class flight from Heathrow to the QE2 in New York, a place in a two-berth inside cabin, and 23 ports of call from alphabetically, Acapulco to Tongatapu. And oh, there are £17.50 port charges, too.

If that is not good enough, you could have the very best—a luxury cabin at £29,885 a head, and "slightly more" for a penthouse.

The Canberra cruise by contrast costs roughly half as much—from £2,848 a time for one of the four berths in a cabin to £13,552 a head for a double cabin de luxe. Stops? 21 of them, from Acapulco, to Sydney.

By next January, however, there could be a very tasty morsel on offer from Thomas Cook. From what I hear they will announce this summer an all-in round-the-world package tour costing £1,500 or less—and you could take the first one in October if you were quick enough.

You will get between 32 and 40 days away, depending on which of the nine or so stopovers you take and whether you want to do a few little trips on the side. The problem, as I see it, is that most of the stopovers will be in the Far East and the United States, but then at that price you cannot have everything.

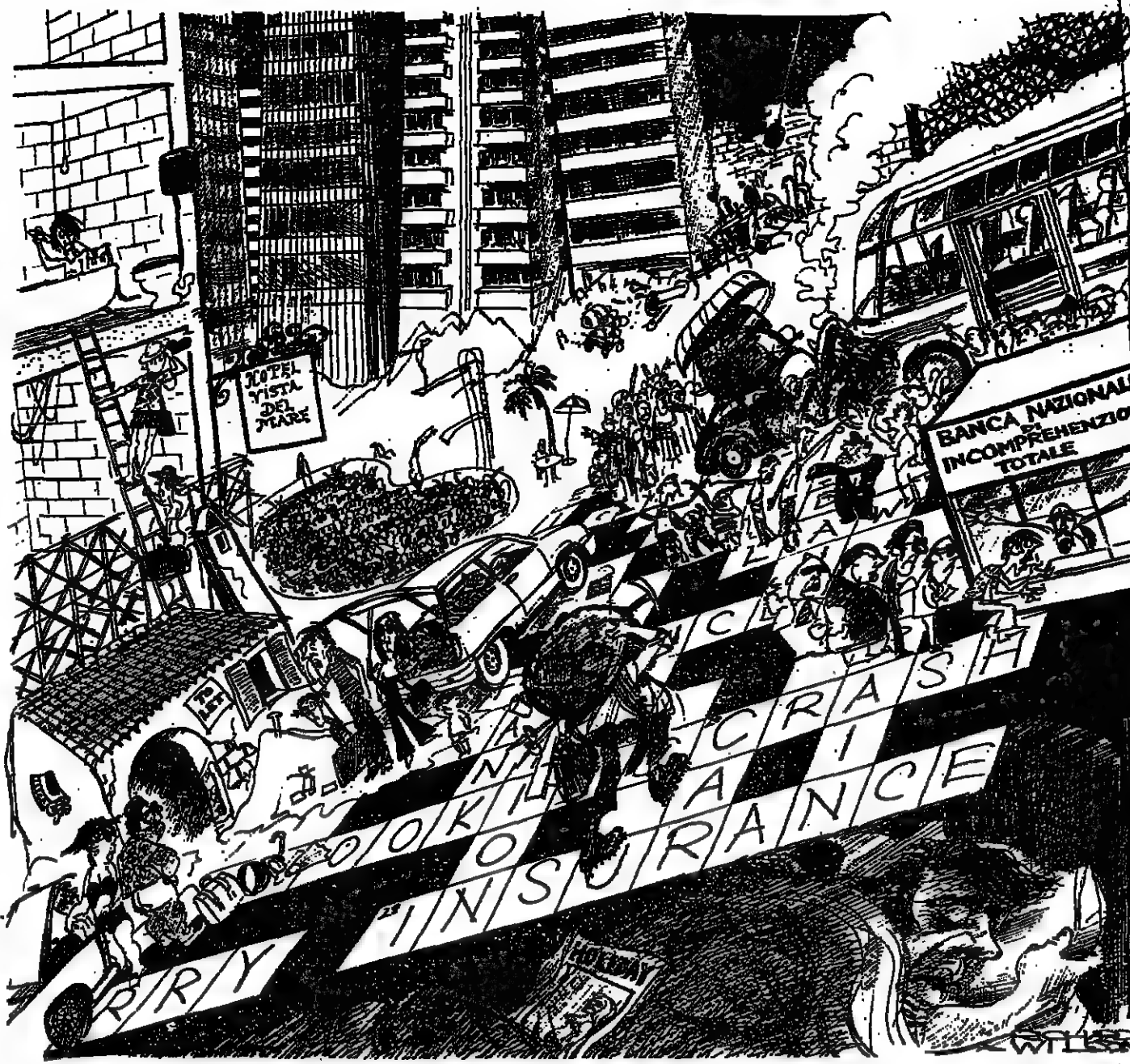
You could, however, have a wider spread of stops if you cared to dispense with the packaging and just take a round-the-world air ticket.

You cannot fly the flag because British Airways do not do a special ticket, but both Pan Am and TWA have them and are well worth investigating. Pan Am has been selling a ticket covering between 22 and 80 days, London to London, with 12 stopovers for as little as £549 standby economy fare and £729 advance booking. First-class tickets (and it is the way to fly round the world) at the time of writing to press were £879 standby and £1,139 advance booking.

TWA do not do standby fares but are more flexible in other ways, such as how long you stay away and how many stops you have—and the cost is much the same (£1,599 economy, £2,499 first class).

Ross Davies

Holidays—making the most of your money



Check the brochures afterwards

Some holidaymakers who take package trips this year are likely to be hunting through the brochures for price comparisons after they get back as well as before they go.

The reason is that Portland Holidays, part of the Thomson group and one of the newer companies selling holidays direct to the public, is guaranteeing refunds to its customers to make their holidays 10 per cent cheaper than identical or similar ones they can find sold by companies selling through travel agents.

Portland launched itself with a series of advertisements claiming that its customers would save 10 per cent because they booked direct. Ten per cent is the travel agents' usual commission.

A sceptical customer, looking at Thomson's brochure instead of taking Portland's word for the price advantage, would have found that for 14-night holidays and for children's holidays in the same hotels at the same time Thomson was often cheaper than Portland.

In one case Thomson was 33 per cent cheaper.

After representations had been made to the Advertising Standards Authority Portland quickly produced their price promise and it has already cost them quite a lot of money to stand by their claim to be 10 per cent cheaper than companies selling conventionally.

They have cut their brochure prices on holidays in some ten hotels already and many of their customers will feel their reductions automatically. But the complexity of price comparisons in the holiday business is such that Mr Kevin Doffey, Portland's general sales manager, says: "It may well be that there are other cases where we are not 10 per cent cheaper than conventional operators."

The terms of Portland's price promise is that holidays must be at the same hotel and of similar duration. They will accept comparisons with departures from Gatwick on any day of the week though even in their own brochure, prices depend on which day of the week flights are taken but they do exclude comparisons with rivals' holidays on which clients have to return to Britain in the small hours of the morning.

RY

When your holiday is a disaster

Most people have happy holidays, but for an unlucky minority things go disastrously wrong. The most frequent complaints of package holiday makers are about travel delays, followed by overbookings, cancellations, poor hotel accommodation, bad food and overbooking.

The Office of Fair Trading (OFT) publishes a useful leaflet on package holidays abroad, which includes a formulaic checklist of inquiries the intending holiday-maker should make before putting his signature to any booking form. With its attention to the small print it goes far beyond the elementary precaution of shopping round among several brochures to compare holiday options and prices.

Options code of practice agreed between the OFT and the Association of British Travel Agents (Abta), whose members handle 95 per cent of package holiday bookings, requires that tour operators' conditions about surcharges, cancellations, holiday insurance and other matters to holiday arrangements must be spelt out in the brochure, but terms vary, so each must be carefully checked.

And there remain a disheartening array of possible causes of holiday disaster that no amount of diligent inquiry can safeguard the holiday-maker against.

Thanks to air traffic controllers working to rule and other disruptions to airlines' services, flight delays are such a

regular feature that most tour operators automatically insure against it. If the cover is an optional extra—around 65p—buy it. Do not forget to check what compensation or right to cancel the tour operator may be offering.

The Abta code accepts overbooking by continental hotel managers as an inevitable fact of life, although members obviously do their best to avoid it. If it is discovered before departure, the Abta member is obliged to offer the choice of an equivalent holiday or the right to cancel with a prompt refund.

If it is discovered only on arrival, he must find his clients somewhere else to stay and offer disturbance compensation if it comes below the standard originally booked.

Only one of two companies give an unconditional guarantee against surcharges, but under the Abta code none relating to currency fluctuations can be imposed less than 30 days before departure, though those related to fuel price increases can be imposed at shorter notice.

What happens if, despite every precaution, the holiday trip ends in disappointment as some inevitably will? Both the OFT and Abta offer advice on how to complain and also have a conciliation and arbitration procedure to which more than 5,000 disgruntled sun-seekers resort each year.

If you have cause for complaint you should take it up at

once with the tour company representative, or hotel manager. If it is not dealt with satisfactorily you should keep all the relevant documents and complain to your travel agent or the tour operator as soon as possible after getting home.

If your complaint is still not met, you can then seek the help of a Citizens' Advice Bureau or a consumer advice centre or, if you believe you have been seriously misled, show the evidence to your local authority trading standards department.

You should also promptly contact Abta's conciliation department at 55-57 Newman Street, London, W1, preferably in writing enclosing copies of your correspondence. The conciliation service is free and settlement is reached in about three-quarters of the cases handled.

If conciliation fails the next recourse could be to seek independent arbitration devised by the Chartered Institute of Arbitrators for Abta customers. The customer may have the choice of arbitration by a panel of arbitrators or by a single arbitrator, in which case his costs are limited to twice the amount of a registration fee of £10, plus £2 for each member of his family over 11. However, if the customer wishes to attend the hearing, there is no limitation on the liability for costs.

For claims under £300 the customer might prefer to go to a small claims court, where costs are also limited. But, with expensive holidays that

have been completely spoiled, neither the arbitration scheme nor small claims courts might be thought to offer adequate compensation.

Last year a family which arrived at Tenerife airport to find their hotel had gone to a different hotel were awarded £1,323 damages at Ashby-de-la-Zouch county court—almost one-tenth of the total paid out to all complainants under Abta arbitrations.

In their case the judge found that an Abta member had failed to warn the clients that they would have to stay in a different hotel, though it was known before they left. The holiday was a disaster, and the family received no benefit.

Of course, the outcome of court proceedings are never predictable and the complainant must be prepared to run the risk of substantial costs. But holidaymakers are still at a disadvantage in pursuing their complaints. They are obliged, unlike customers for almost any other goods or services, to pay in full in advance.

They have to accept a wide range of booking conditions, many of which may be to their disadvantage. And they do not even have the protection of the Trade Descriptions Act if the hotel or swimming pool in their brochure is incomplete when they arrive.

Robin Young

Green tape for the motorist abroad

If you are taking your car to the Continent the insurance position is more involved than it looks.

From the strictly legal point of view you need do nothing before driving on the ferry if you are going to another EEC country and a number of other countries (Spain is a notable exception)—provided you have a United Kingdom motor policy.

Do not, however, settle for that. However wide your insurance may be in the United Kingdom, on the Continent you will have no more cover than the bare minimum required by law. This varies from country to country, but applies only to your liability to others. There is, therefore, no cover for theft of the car, accidental damage and so on.

The best plan, therefore, is to have your policy extended, so that you have the same cover as in this country (plus a bit more). An extra premium will have to be paid for this, but you will be issued with a "Green Card", which is really an international certificate of insurance.

It is the extension of cover under your policy for which you will be paying. For many countries on the Continent you are not obliged to have a Green Card, although if you have one it can be a help in the event of an accident.

The extra premium which you pay will provide insurance for the car on the ferry. It will also usually cover you for any import duty which you may be charged by a foreign country if you take the car into it but are unable to bring it home, because for instance, it has been stolen.

If you are towing a caravan the insurance will also need to be extended and you should make sure that it is included on the Green Card.

You cannot shop around for Green Card cover. As it is an extension of your existing policy, you have to buy it from your insurers and the cost can vary widely. Some brokers, such as Barclay's Insurance Services, include it free.

Spanish authorities have the right after an accident to detain a driver and/or his car, unless a deposit is made against the possibility of the driver being held liable. To avoid such a situation your insurers should be able to provide a bail bond which will act as surety. If any fine is paid on your behalf you will have to repay it to the insurers.

The motoring organizations, and some insurers, also provide extra cover to meet the cost of hiring a car of your own breaks down, and bringing it home if it cannot be repaired on the Continent. In some cases a service is also offered to locate and fly out spare parts, although generally you still have to meet the cost of the parts, unless, of course, you need them as a result of an accident covered by your main policy.

John Drummond

By Ross

Grouse

Most Britishers in employment (or who have retired employment) can obtain free medical treatment with other EEC countries. This is a reciprocal arrangement available to nationals of all EEC member states. Form from the Department of Health and Social Security guarantee the availability of this right while abroad.

Until recently the self-employed were in the unenviable position of not being eligible for an E111 and the rights—whether travelling on business or pleasure, was as unfair as requiring the self-employed to pay ear-related National Insurance contributions, but allowing only flat-rate benefits.

Then the rules were altered. Now, somebody who insured as self-employed, if he has been employed at some time, is eligible. He will continue to be eligible when he retires.

It may seem as though discrimination has been eliminated. Admittedly, it puts many self-employed people on the footing as those who are employed. But the rules discriminate against the man or woman who has been self-employed for the whole of his or her working life—despite the fact that he or she may never have missed paying contributions.

That discrimination will continue even after retirement at which point he or she will have more time to continental trips.

Surely it would be better for eligibility to be based on contributions, rather than on whether a person has to have been employed at some stage, instead of employed throughout his or her working career?

Fun with foreign bank accounts

Since the Chancellor removed exchange controls last October, there is at least one element in your holiday prices that you can control. This is the element due to movement in the value of the foreign currency of your holiday destination against the pound.

As anyone knows who has ever tried changing sterling or sterling travellers' cheques abroad—particularly in provincial France—at a time when the pound has been under pressure, currency movements can make quite a difference to such the worth of your money when it comes and the level of your spending power.

If you want to be sure that these remain constant, what you should do is open a foreign currency bank account. You have to know where you are going of course, so it is not a policy for people who do not make up their minds until they are half way to the Channel ferry at Dover. You can open a foreign currency account with your local clearing bank, open an account with a foreign bank in Britain or open one abroad.

On the whole, the middle course is not recommended. You will need a high initial deposit, charges are higher

than they would be on a clearing bank account, the services for your money are not likely to be any better. Opening up an account abroad could be a great way to save money, for example, you have a day home which you let that you obtain local interest in Swiss francs, in most European countries bank charges higher than they are in (though you will probably interest on your account).

Do not expect a clearing bank to welcome with open arms if you want to keep the odd bit of money in Swiss francs, require a deposit of a substantial sum (upwards of £1,000) before they will open a foreign currency account for you. Then, anyone taking a holiday for a couple of weeks is probably going to see some of spending anyway.

The interest that you your account will be at interest rates in the currency you are using. The attached table the current rates on which money—that is, an amount of £50,000. Assume you will be getting a couple of points less on your odd but check at the time, but rates vary from day to day.

How much you get will depend on the length of for which you are prepared to commit your money. I belong to the sort of that plans in meticulous money in advance, you afford to go for a deposit of a month's notice. But I make spur-of-the-moment decisions to use sticks and you had better make do the lower return on days' money.

Adrienne Glee

Currency versus cheque

Before joining the great summer migration in search of sunny climates abroad, you had to arrange how to take your money with you (actual amount unlimited).

Ask your bank for information of any local rulings and the acceptability of different forms of currency at your destination. Banks normally recommend you take the bulk of your money in cheques with enough cash to see you through the first day or so until you have the chance to cash your cheques.

Sterling travellers' cheques normally attract a better exchange rate than pound notes at a foreign bank. It is also worth shopping around before cashing travellers' cheques—banks usually give a better exchange rate than hotels, shops or restaurants, and there are often variations from bank to bank.

There is a commission charge, normally of 1 per cent, on the cashing of cheques, while on foreign currency there is a small exchange commission, which can be as little as 50p on holiday money of £500.

Not only is it cheaper to take all your money in foreign notes, it also saves you having to go to the bank while away. But this option is not always open. Some countries—for example Greece, Malta and South Africa—restrict the amount of local currency brought into the country.

The advantage in travellers' cheques over any form of cash is their security. If they are stolen, all is not lost. On reporting the loss, the bank gives an immediate refund of at least part of your money to tide you over until the balance is paid within a few days.

Cash, of course, can be insured, with certain limits, but it is unlikely that the insurance company will man to pay out before the end of the average trip.

In some places—for example the United States and South America—sterling travellers' cheques are not always readily acceptable. Then foreign currency travellers' cheques are the answer. As well as the normal 1 per cent commission there is also a small exchange commission charge, but this is usually even less than that on foreign notes.

Unspent sterling travellers'

cheques can be exchanged for pound. But foreign currency travellers' cheques you might lose if exchange rate moves against you. In advance, you afford to go for a deposit of a month's notice. But I make spur-of-the-moment decisions to use sticks and you had better make do the lower return on days' money.

This is best left as a emergency money as the commission charged is likely to be higher than on travel cheques.

Credit cards are useful restaurant bills or car hire before you set off clutch your Barclaycard or Access, check that they will be used. Neither Barclaycard nor Visa International Access, which belongs to Eurocard and MasterCard, will do you much good some parts of Europe. I are not widely accepted in many of the Benelux countries.

Barclaycard has the over Access until later year. As well as paying entertainment and travel, can draw up to £100 a in local currency with a limit of £500 a trip for a 10 day charge of 1.5 per cent. However, it is cheaper to cash a cheque.

One point to watch on credit cards is that what actually pays depends on exchange rate when the card is actually cashed or Access, and this can be between a few days' extra weeks. So if exchange rate moves against you during that time, it present might not be such a bargain as you thought.

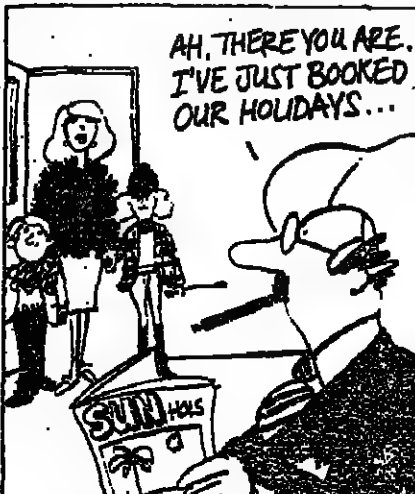
An American Express card can be used throughout the world and although basically travel and entertainment it can also be used to a limit of £500 every three weeks for extra charge.

Of course, all these problems of "what can be used where?" can be solved by using a universal accept medium of "exchange" — the sovereign. So far, though, there is also a small exchange commission charge, but this is usually even less than that on foreign notes.

Unspent sterling travellers'

Sylvia Morris

HOFF of HEYBRIDGE HEATH



BUT, AFTER FUEL CHARGES, CURRENCY FLUCTUATIONS, STREILING, KENNELLING, HOLIDAY INSURANCE, ETC.



FINANCIAL NEWS AND MARKET REPORTS

London Brick ends £2m down

By Our Financial Staff

Price rises restored profit margins at London Brick in the second half of the year to December 31, and profits were well up on the comparable period.

Not enough, however, to make up for the 54 per cent drop in first-half profits to £3.07m before tax, and full-year profits were £2m lower at £12.1m.

After a higher tax charge of £5.13m compared with £4.99m, the fall in attributable profits was sharper.

Excluding a £2.08 extraordinary credit arising mainly from the profit on the sale of shares in Norcor, earnings per share fell from 15.3p to 11.7p. However, the final dividend rises

by a fifth, to leave the year's total up by 19 per cent at 6.24p gross. Down by 1p to 74.1p, the share yield 4.4 per cent.

Pre-interest profit margins rose from 6.2 per cent in the first half to 13.3 per cent in the second. This was largely due to price rises of 12 per cent in June and a further 10 per cent in August.

Group turnover rose by only 12 per cent to £125m, disguising a fall in sales volume of around 5 per cent during the year. Well over half of London Brick's sales go to the housing market and 1979 has been a poor year with 1980 likely to prove worse.

However, London Brick has succeeded in taking up some of the slack by increasing its share of the repair and maintenance

market. This accounted for about a quarter of 1979 sales compared with about 15 per cent in 1978.

Interest charges in 1979 rose from £12.0m to £17.0m. But the cash released by the sale of the £831,000 rise in investment income to £12.1m, which more than offset the rise in interest charges. The group had a positive cash flow in 1979.

London Brick does not reveal profit adjusted for current cost accounting with the preliminary announcement. However, the group confirms that the dividend was still covered by current cost profits.

Group deputy chairman Mr M. O. Wright says that volume sales may fall in the current year.

Options

Activity among traded options took another nosedive Thursday as the subdued conditions in the remainder of the market spilled over once again. Total contracts fell from Wednesday's level of 384 to only 148.

Most business was centred on 101 where 50 contracts were written. The April 30p series proved popular although some interest was expressed in the April and July 36p series.

In traditional options, speculative interest ran to Burmah, Courtaulds, Grattan, "Warehouses" and Siebens. No "puts" were arranged but doubles were completed in First National Finance and Ultramar.

Discount market

Large-scale help given by the Bank of England to the discount market was chiefly provided by way of large MLR loans to two or three house units Tuesday. The authorities also bought a small quantity of Treasury bills from the houses.

Discount houses were paying in the band of 16 1/2 to 17 per cent for secured money advanced throughout the day. But the credit bid to appear near the finish so that books were ruled off within bounds of 16 to 16 1/2 per cent.

Principal drains on credit were the unwinding of a large purchase and resale agreement in bills, the repayment of moderate MLR loans taken on Wednesday, and a small net Treasury bill take-up. The only plus item for the market was the small amount that bank bills came above target from Wednesday.

Money Market

Rates

Bank of England Monetary Policy Committee

Official Bank Rate 10 1/2 per cent

Three month bill 10 1/2 per cent

Six month bill 10 1/2 per cent

One year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Two year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Three year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Four year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Five year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Six year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Seven year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Eight year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Nine year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Ten year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Eleven year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Twelve year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Thirteen year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Fourteen year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Fifteen year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Sixteen year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Seventeen year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Eighteen year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Nineteen year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Twenty year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Twenty one year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Twenty two year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Twenty three year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Twenty four year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Twenty five year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Twenty six year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Twenty seven year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Twenty eight year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Twenty nine year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Thirty year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Thirty one year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Thirty two year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Thirty three year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Thirty four year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Thirty five year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Thirty six year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Thirty seven year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Thirty eight year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Thirty nine year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Forty year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Forty one year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Forty two year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Forty three year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Forty four year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Forty five year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Forty six year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Forty seven year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Forty eight year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Forty nine year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Fifty year bill 10 1/2 per cent

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Sixty six year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Sixty seven year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Sixty eight year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Sixty nine year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Seventy year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Seventy one year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Seventy two year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Seventy three year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Seventy four year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Seventy five year bill 10 1/2 per cent

Wall Street

New York, April 2.—Stock prices on the New York Stock Exchange were higher, but below the highs reached earlier in the session.

The Dow Jones industrial average gained 3.33 points to 787.80, off its earlier eight point peak. Advances led declines about 10 to four on volume of about 33 million shares.

Among stocks showing gains were those in interest rate sensitive groups like savings and loans, banks and life insurance companies.

Analysts saw the advance as a continuation of the technical recovery from recent sharp drops in prime rate, now 20 per cent at many banks, is near or possibly at its peak.

Life gained 1 1/2 to 3 1/2, Chase Manhattan Bank 1 1/2 to 3 1/2, and Great Western up 1 1/2 to 1 1/2.

Analysts said the advance today could also be seen as a continuation of the technical recovery from recent sharp drops.

The market was mixed in the morning, turned higher, then advanced quickly in the afternoon.

After about five points in the final hour and one half of trading, one of the most active stocks today was Aetna Life which gained 1 1/2 to 3 1/2.

Travelers Corp. was up 1 1/2 to 3 1/2, Continental Corp. one to 2 1/2.

Among savings and loan associations, First Charter Financial gained 1 1/2 to 2 1/2 and Great Western Financial 1 1/2 to 1 1/2.

The Wall Street and Canadian stock prices given in the table relate to Wednesday's and Thursday's close. Later publication is caused by change to British Summer Time. This will continue until Eastern Daylight Time begins in the United States.

Silver gain of 60c

New York, April 2.—The spot price of silver gained 60c to 10.60 cents a pound on speculation that the Federal Reserve Board would announce a new policy to support the price of silver.

The New York gold and silver prices given in the table relate to Wednesday's and Thursday's close. Later publication is caused by change to British Summer Time. This will continue until Eastern Daylight Time begins in the United States.

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Commodities

The London Metal Exchange closed after Thursday morning's session until Tuesday, April 8. Other markets closed on Thursday afternoon until Tuesday.

Copper was steady at £105.50, 500 lb. The London Metal Exchange closed after Thursday morning's session until Tuesday, April 8. Other markets closed on Thursday afternoon until Tuesday.

Aluminum was steady at £105.50, 500 lb. The London Metal Exchange closed after Thursday morning's session until Tuesday, April 8. Other markets closed on Thursday afternoon until Tuesday.

Lead was steady at £105.50, 500 lb. The London Metal Exchange closed after Thursday morning's session until Tuesday, April 8. Other markets closed on Thursday afternoon until Tuesday.

Zinc was steady at £105.50, 500 lb. The London Metal Exchange closed after Thursday morning's session until Tuesday, April 8. Other markets closed on Thursday afternoon until Tuesday.

Nickel was steady at £105.50, 500 lb. The London Metal Exchange closed after Thursday morning's session until Tuesday, April 8. Other markets closed on Thursday afternoon until Tuesday.

Iron was steady at £105.50, 500 lb. The London Metal Exchange closed after Thursday morning's session until Tuesday, April 8. Other markets closed on Thursday afternoon until Tuesday.

Steel was steady at £105.50, 500 lb. The London Metal Exchange closed after Thursday morning's session until Tuesday, April 8. Other markets closed on Thursday afternoon until Tuesday.

Coal was steady at £105.50, 500 lb. The London Metal Exchange closed after Thursday morning's session until Tuesday, April 8. Other markets closed on Thursday afternoon until Tuesday.

Oil was steady at £105.50, 500 lb. The London Metal Exchange closed after Thursday morning's session until Tuesday, April 8. Other markets closed on Thursday afternoon until Tuesday.

Gas was steady at £105.50, 500 lb. The London Metal Exchange closed after Thursday morning's session until Tuesday, April 8. Other markets closed on Thursday afternoon until Tuesday.

Electricity was steady at £105.50, 500 lb. The London Metal Exchange closed after Thursday morning's session until Tuesday, April 8. Other markets closed on Thursday afternoon until Tuesday.

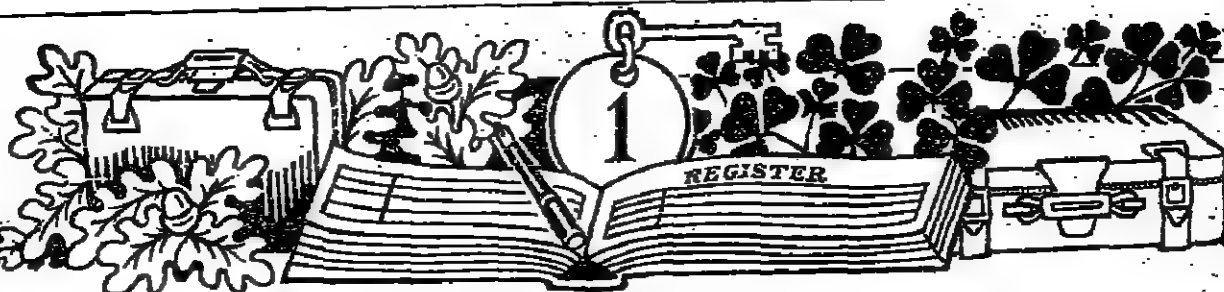
Water was steady at £105.50, 500 lb. The London Metal Exchange closed after Thursday morning's session until Tuesday, April 8. Other markets closed on Thursday afternoon until Tuesday.

Stock Exchange Prices

Oils active again

ACCOUNT DAYS: Dealings Began, March 24. Dealings End, April 11. Contango Day, April 14. Settlement Day, April 21
Forward bargains are permitted on two previous days

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Holidays and Hotels in Britain and Ireland

West Country

LEE BAY HOTEL-DEVON

With a "new look for the 80s." Completely refurbished this family hotel has to be one of the most luxurious in the West Country.

Set in 30 acres on the edge of a secluded bay. Heated pool, water garden, children's putting, croquet, ballroom, disco, films, billiards, children's parties, bistro.

Ashley Courtney recommended.

LEE, NORTH DEVON

"One day soon you will visit Lee"

TEL 0371 63303

Moorhead Hotel

NORTH DEVON
Off the beaten track, four miles from the coast, near Claverton. Hotel, 12 bedrooms, full restaurant, bar, lounge, billiards, tennis, croquet, etc. Ideal for families, couples, or groups. Tel: 0371 63303.

BUDE, NORTH CORNWALL
Best location, overlooking beach, ideal for informal and quiet family holidays. Room, home cooking with some own produce. Tel: 01509 34533.

CORNISH COTTAGES
New 15, Worsley House, Cornish Cottages, Tel: 01509 34533.

TERQUAY—Situated Hotel, central position, overlooking beach. Tel: 01509 34533.

TEMBLE COURT with 100 of house, situated in a quiet area. Tel: 01509 34533.

CORNWALL—Purton, Cornwall, Tel: 01509 34533.

BATH AREA—Two beautiful, modern, comfortable cottages. Tel: 01509 34533.

CORNWALL—Enjoy a short or long break, 20 miles from the coast. Tel: 01509 34533.

BRIDGEMAN HAVEN—On the coast, overlooking the sea. Tel: 01509 34533.

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Lake District

LAKE DISTRICT

ECCLERIGGS HOTEL
Broughton-in-Furness, Lancashire. Tel: 05578 388.

LODGE SWISS HOTEL

Newcastle, Cumbria. Tel: 05578 388.

Children's Holidays

DISCOVERY AND ADVENTURE

For details of our holiday packages, contact us at 01509 34533.

CORNISH COTTAGES

For details of our holiday packages, contact us at 01509 34533.

Wales

MAGNIFICENT PEMBROKE COAST

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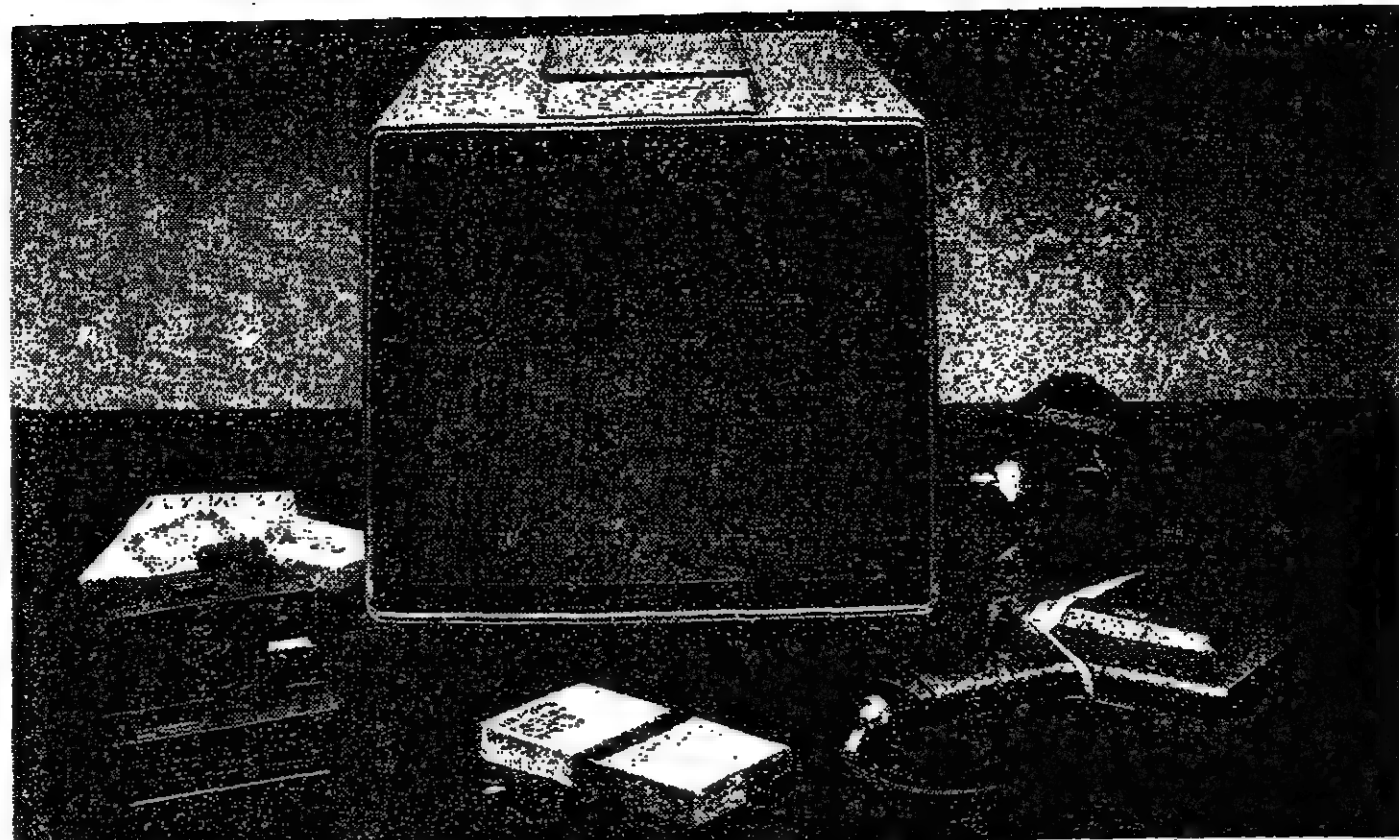
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Win this Polavision Camera and you're an instant film star.

First prize of this year's Summer Holiday Competition will be a complete Polavision movie outfit. The latest development from Polaroid.

Which, as its name suggests, gives instant moving pictures.

Simply shoot your movie with the hand-held camera, load the exposed film cassette into the player, wait just ninety seconds and then sit down and enjoy the show. No screens to set up. No projector to thread.

Just imagine, you could show a wedding at the reception, relive Christmas Day on Boxing Day or even watch your holiday films while you're still on holiday.

The possibilities are endless.

And things are looking good for the runners up. Every week, for three months, we'll be giving away a Polavision Auto Focus 5000 which produces instant colour photographs and guarantees perfect sharpness.

And for three other lucky losers there'll be a pair of Lookers by Polaroid Sunglasses.

HOW TO ENTER

First, read through the holiday columns and find the answers to these three simple questions.

- 1 Rough Shooting in Skye available when?
- 2 How many can sleep in a Converted Granary?
- 3 Where can you take your child free until the end of May?

*Prizes supplied by Unilever.

TRE CAMERAS
Mr M. E. Robinson, W14
Mrs A. B. McIntyre, Tyne
& Wear
Mr S. F. G. Bradford,
Worthing.

SUNGLASSES
Beattie Richards, Bodle Street
Green.
Mr J. D. Norton, County
Durham.

Mr R. D. Morris, Leves.
Mrs R. Willis, Middles-
borough.
Miss D. M. Billham,
Cirencester.
Mrs E. Nash, SW15.

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Mrs R. Willis, Middles-
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Wales	Ireland	North	North	North
ANGLESEY —Move cottage to let. Sleeps 6. 1000 sq. ft. Tel: 01509 34533.	KILLARNEY —To Killybegs, 10 miles from Killybegs. Tel: 01509 34533.	RURAL OUTLAND —For that relaxing holiday, away from it all, holiday of a lifetime. Tel: 01509 34533.	TWO HUNDRED —Year old cottage, built in 1800. Tel: 01509 34533.	10TH CENT. COTTAGE —6 miles from Killybegs. Tel: 01509 34533.
WALK THE DALESWAY —With 1000 sq. ft. of land, 10 miles from Killybegs. Tel: 01509 34533.	WALK THE DALESWAY —With 1000 sq. ft. of land, 10 miles from Killybegs. Tel: 01509 34533.	WALK THE DALESWAY —With 1000 sq. ft. of land, 10 miles from Killybegs. Tel: 01509 34533.	WALK THE DALESWAY —With 1000 sq. ft. of land, 10 miles from Killybegs. Tel: 01509 34533.	WALK THE DALESWAY —With 1000 sq. ft. of land, 10 miles from Killybegs. Tel: 01509 34533.

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North

YORK—Grosvenor Leisure, Library, self-contained apartments in central York. Tel: 01904 35972.

CUMBERLAND—Delightful modernised house, 12 miles from Kendal. Tel: 01524 35972.

Scotland

Gairloch Sands Hotel

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Isle of Barra Hotel

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General

Buchanan Arms Hotel

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